

THE ATHENÆUM

WEEKLY REVIEW

Of English and Foreign Literature, Fine Arts, and Works of Embellishment.

No. 124.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1830.

Price 8d.

GREECE.

Travels in the Morea. By William Martin Leake, F.R.S. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Murray.

WHILE to statesmen, politicians, and merchants the question of Greek emancipation has presented itself as a problem difficult of solution, or as a fearful stumbling-block around which it behoved to tread warily, its progress has been watched narrowly and with profound interest by a fourth class of persons, who, less influential in the arrangement of state affairs, less noisy and less personally concerned than others, but although more simple, not perhaps less wise, and certainly not less ardent in their desires, have been free from all diffidence and doubt as to the course that ought to be pursued. To them the subject of Greek independence has appeared but in one light; it has troubled them with no divided feeling; and they are now inwardly and quietly, but joyfully, congratulating themselves on the almost certain prospect of the happy fulfilment of their vows, that the result of the long and arduous struggle should be the liberation of the classic land from the sway of the foreigner, barbarian and despot. Foremost in this class, are those worthy and reflecting men, who can prefer an idea, to the value in the Levant market of a bale of manufactured wares; who venture to trust themselves with the pleasure of speculating on the history of that most marvellous manifestation of divine power exhibited in this our world—the mental endowments of man; and who, in acknowledging the ancient Greek nation as the race of mortals in whom those endowments have shone forth with the brightest lustre, by whom they have been most cultivated and carried to the highest perfection, cannot divest themselves of reverence for the soil which nurtured those models for future ages, or refuse their sympathy to the unfortunate sufferers who, through centuries of decay, disaster, and misrule, trace their descent from the noble stock, the story of whose exploits still occupies the most brilliant pages in the annals of humanity, and whom modern men acknowledge as their fathers in the sciences, and in all the arts as masters whose works they emulate in vain. And let not those friends to the Greek cause be accused of selfishness, if, with their rejoicings at the prospect of the restoration to freedom of the land where the name of Liberty was once so honoured, there should be mixed up a feeling of satisfaction when they reflect on the facilities which the happy change seems to promise, for exploring a country so rich in associations that warm the bosom with a sacred glow, and still so teeming with evidences of the superiority over the rest of mankind attained by its possessors. The feeling, when sincere, is a holy one; and unblest is the bosom that can despise it, or that, not really knowing what it is, thinks it necessary to affect it. So far, therefore, are we from thinking it necessary to conceal or disclaim the gratification with which we regard the probable advantages, which the revolution in the government of Greece will afford for visiting that interesting country, that we are rather proud than ashamed to confess, that, our felicitations at the release of its lately

unhappy inhabitants from the rule of their barbarous oppressors, and at their restoration to the rank of civilized nations once past, our strongest motive for rejoicing arises from the certainty that henceforth there will be no obstacle, but the natural one of distance, to deter the enlightened men of all countries from seeking a gratification which, in the purity of its nature, and in the degree of its intensity, has hardly a parallel.

Of the number and quality of the sensations of pleasure in store for the admirers of beautiful scenery, of historical associations, and of the arts, the work before us conveys an idea truly magnificent; and it is a praise not the less due to its author, because the merit which calls it forth is so remarkable, that, under all the difficulties which the state of Greece presented five and twenty years ago to the labours necessary for such an undertaking as that which he has now accomplished, he has produced a work to which it will be long, very long indeed, notwithstanding all the advantages which the improved situation of Greece may offer to future travellers, before its equal appears. But of the completeness, research, discernment, acuteness of observation, and extensive acquirements displayed in Colonel Leake's well-timed production, we shall have occasion to speak hereafter, when our readers, by means of the few extracts from his volumes with which we purpose to enrich our columns, shall have become better acquainted with the work and its author.

After a five hours' sail from Zante, on the 22d Feb. 1805, Col. Leake set foot on the Peloponnesus, on the shore of the ancient Elis, and after visiting the site of the capital of that state, proceeded, on the 25th, to explore the ruins of Olympia. His description of this celebrated spot is minute, and would well deserve to be extracted at length, but our limits forbid our indulging our-elves or our readers with more than two short passages. The first describes the claims to interest of this venerable site in its present state, and concludes with an allusion to the games which rendered it once so famous:

"At Olympia, as in many other celebrated places in Greece, the scenery and topography are at present much more interesting than the ancient remains. At a more advanced season of the year, when the plane trees in the lower valley near the bank of the river are in full foliage, the valley must be one of the most beautiful of this picturesque country. The hills which rise from the northern and eastern sides of the upper level where the ruins are situated, as well as those on the opposite side of the Alpheius, are of the wildest forms, carpeted with the finest turf, and shaded with the pine, wild olive, and a variety of shrubs. Some of the accidental clusters of pines dispersed on the sides and summits of these hills might serve as studies to the artist in landscape gardening. But the whole is little better than a beautiful desert; in the length of three miles, only a few spots of cultivation are seen, and not a single habitation. What a contrast to the spectacle which it presented during eleven or twelve centuries, especially at the end of every four years, when it was the scene of the greatest of those periodical exercises of emulation which contributed so much to Grecian excellence both

in arts and arms,—when, adorned in the centre with the finest monuments of art, it was animated in every part with horses, chariots, and men in the highest state of excitement, or covered with the encampments of those who had resorted to the festival from every country which had felt the effects of Grecian civilization!" l. 32-3.

The following speculations on the probability of discovering some of the treasures of art with which this formerly so favoured region abounded, seem highly plausible; and they are especially worthy of attention at a period like the present, when the excellence of Greek works are becoming every day more known and more justly appreciated; and when there appears such fair grounds for concluding that attempts to bring them forth from their concealment will not lack encouragement. Should Greece, indeed, remain tranquil for a few years, and artists and amateurs of countries more advanced in civilization than she is, be allowed unmolested and on equitable conditions to seek by excavation for the precious remains which her soil, there is no doubt, still holds buried beneath its surface, the discoveries to be made, and the improvements in modern taste and practice to ensue from those discoveries, are incalculable. The most sanguine expectations would not deserve to be pronounced extravagant.

"We read in Suetonius, that Nero, desirous of obliterating the memory of all his rivals in agonistic glory, ordered the statues of the athletes at Olympia to be thrown into the common sewers. We are certain, however, from Pausanias, that no such orders were ever executed, at least to any extent; for it cannot be doubted from the accurate description of the Greek traveller, that almost as late as the third century, Olympia still preserved the most numerous and choicest collection of works of art that Greece could ever boast of; to deposit his works at this place being one of the highest honours that a great sculptor could obtain. It was with reason, therefore, that an excavation at Olympia was a favourite speculation of the celebrated Winckelmann. With the exception of the colossus by Phidias in ivory and gold in the temple of Jupiter, of twenty-two other chryselephantine figures by more ancient masters in the temple of Juno, and of those of the same kind in the Philippeum, works which cannot have escaped human spoliation, or the ravages of time; all the other productions of art at Olympia were of the durable materials of brass and marble. The Acti alone of the temple of Jupiter contained forty or fifty colossal figures. Besides the works in the temples of Jupiter and Juno, Pausanias notices fifty-seven statues of the former deity, of which six were colossal; and he describes more than one hundred other sacred ἀναθήματα, some of which were composed of several figures representing the actions of deities or heroes. There were no less than 260 statues of athletes, several of which were accompanied by horses and chariots, in memory of victories in the Hippodrome. The far greater part of these works were in brass. In every instance in which Pausanias could obtain the information, he mentions the name of the celebrated artist who made the statue, as well as the occasion of its dedication, and he expressly informs us that he has not enumerated all the objects of

inferior note. He describes eighty-four altars, a portion of which were in the Stadium, Hippodromus, and Hippodrome; and we may infer, from what has already been discovered, that there must have been an infinity of smaller dedications of armour and of other votive offerings, as well of records of treaties and other inscribed documents on brass or marble: so that there is every reason to believe, that the most interesting discoveries in illustration of the arts, language, customs, and history of Greece, may yet be made by excavations at Olympia," i. 42-4.

We give the subjoined sketch of a Greek domicile as a model of characteristic description.

"As we approach the Finikiótika kalyvia, the inhabitants fly and hide themselves. I soon get admission, however, into the best cottage in the village, in which the first object that meets my eye is an inscribed marble. The house is constructed in the usual manner, of mud, with a coating of plaster; the roof is thatched, which is not a very common mode of covering the cottages in Greece. There is a raised earthen semicircle at one end for the fire, without any chimney; towards the other a low partition, formed of the same material as the walls, separates the part of the building destined for the family from that which is occupied by the oxen and asses used on the farm, one door serving for both apartments. The usual articles of furniture of a Greek cottage are ranged, or hung around, namely, a loom, barrel-shaped wicker baskets, plastered with mud, for holding corn, a sieve, spindles, some copper cooking vessels, and two lyres. The floor is the bare earth covered, like the walls, with a coat of dried mud. An oven attached to the outside of the building, and in the garden some beans, artichokes, and a vine trailed over the roof, indicate a superior degree of affluence or industry. The inscribed marble is inserted in the wall on one side of the door, and turns out to be an interesting monument. It was erected in honour of Caius Julius Eurycles, who, in the time of Strabo, was governor of Laconia, and was so powerful that the island of Cythera was his private property. His name is inscribed on the Lacedæmonian coinage in brass, struck under his government. Strabo adds, that Eurycles abused the friendship of the Roman emperor so much as to excite an insurrection, which, however, soon ceased in consequence of his death. Pausanias tells us, that he built a magnificent bath at Corinth. On the present marble, unfortunately, the name of the dedicating city is not mentioned. The master of the cottage, when he returns home in the evening from his labour in the fields, tells me that he found the stone at Blitra, as they call some ruins near Kavoxyli, and that a Turk, who is now dead, advised him to convey it to his house: 'But how do I know,' he adds, 'that it may not bring some mischief upon my house, having belonged perhaps to some church?' The Turk's reason for being unwilling to have anything to do with the marble was because it had been a work of the infidels. The mischief contemplated by the Greek was my arrival with men and horses, which he thought would bring expense upon him, if nothing worse. While I was at dinner five oxen entered, and took up their abode for the night behind the low partition." i. 222-224.

Under all circumstances, and considering our inability, both from want of space and from being deprived of the opportunity of submitting to our readers the maps and plans which elucidate Col. Leake's descriptions of celebrated spots, we despair of finding a passage more suited to the purposes of our paper, than that which contains the account of our author's visit to the Temple of Apollo Epicurius, at Bassæ, near Phigaleia, a monument more known to British readers in general, than most other antiquities of the Morea, through the sculptured

frize, representing the battle of the Greeks and Amazons, now preserved in the Gallery of Antiquities, in the British Museum; and which, although scarcely to be mentioned in the same breath with that of the Parthenon, is very properly, not only on account of the light it throws on the history and progress of the art, but of the intrinsic merit of its execution, deemed worthy of a place in a collection of which that wonderful masterpiece forms the most splendid ornament.

Temple of Apollo Epicurius at Bassæ.

"May 7.—At 1.5 I set out for the ruins of the temple of Apollo Epicurius, for which the natives have no other name than that of the *Columns*, *στόλες* *στόλους*, as they are here more Hellenically called: our Greeks from Kalamáta used the Italian word *colónnave*. We soon begin to ascend Mount *Cotyllum*, which is therefore correctly placed by Pausanias at a distance of forty stades from Phigaleia; for though the temple is at least a two hours' walk of a man or horse from the ruins of the city, we may be allowed to apply the forty stades to the nearest part of the mountain on which the temple stands. After ascending for half an hour through pasture land, in which there are some sheep-folds belonging to Tragóí, we enter the forest of oaks which covers the summit of all these ridges. The path winds among the trees for half an hour, when I am suddenly startled from the indolent reverie which such a pleasant but unexciting kind of road often produces, by the sight of one of the component cylinders of a Doric shaft of enormous size, lying half buried in earth and decayed leaves, on a level spot, by the road side, just wide enough to hold it. A detached fragment of this kind sometimes gives a greater impression of grandeur than an entire building, or the ruin of a large portion of one, because in these the dimensions of the parts are lost in the harmony of the whole; even the magnitude of a perfect building is not felt unless there is some vulgar object at hand to form a scale of comparison: as a St. Peter's or a St. Paul's would fail of producing their just effect without houses and churches in sight, or as the Pyramids of Memphis seldom impress the traveller with their immensity as long as he has nothing but hills to compare them with, and until he is near enough to judge of the size of the masses of stone of which they are formed, by the scale of his own height. I had no conception, until I had measured the fallen piece of column on the ascent to *Bassæ*, that its diameter was scarcely the half of that of the columns of the Parthenon. About 150 yards farther I came in sight of the ruined temple. The cylinder belonged undoubtedly to the column which stood at the south-western angle of the peristyle, one of the pieces of which rolled down the hill when the column fell.

"The large proportions of these ruins, and the perfection of their workmanship, prove them to be the remains of the temple of Apollo Epicurius, though it is only from the few words which Pausanias bestows upon the temple that we obtain that certainty. Without those few words, the existence of such a magnificent building in such a wilderness, must ever have remained a subject of wonder, doubt, and discussion. As to a description of this fine ruin, the first in preservation of the temples of Greece, except the Theseum, it must be left to the painter and the architect; for the latter in particular there would be sufficient employment for some weeks. Indeed, until some attempt be made to clear away the ruins of the cell, which form an immense confused mass within the peristyle, it will hardly be possible even for an architect to understand thoroughly all the particulars of the building.

"In general terms, the temple may be described as a peripteral hypæthral hexastyle, with fifteen columns on the sides, 126 feet in length,

48 broad, and facing nearly north and south. The columns are three feet eight inches in diameter at the base, and twenty feet high, including the capital. As usual in peripteral temples, there were two columns in the pronaos and as many in the posticum, so that the total number in the peristyle was forty-two, of which thirty-six are standing, and, with one exception only, covered with their architraves. There are twenty shallow flutings in the shafts, as usual in the Doric order. As they measure only three feet under the capital, and are five times the lower diameter in height, they are both more tapering and shorter in proportion to their height than the columns of the Parthenon. As a necessary consequence of their being more tapering, the echinus of the capital is longer than in the Athenian temple, and forms a more acute angle with the plinth, the order thus more resembling the examples of the Doric at Corinth, and in the ruins of Sicily and Pæstum. There were several projections on either side of the cell, terminating in fluted Ionic semi-columns: one of these is standing, and it is the only part, either of the cell, or pronaos, or posticum, that is in that condition, though all the lower part of the cell is still in situ. Of the outer columns of the peristyle, on the contrary, all are standing, except the two angular columns of the southern front; nor are these wanting, as all the component cylinders are lying on the ground, so that both the peristyle and the cell might be restored to their original state without much deficiency, if wealth and power, taste and science, should ever be restored to Greece.

"The stone of which the temple is constructed is a hard yellowish-brown lime-stone, susceptible of a high polish, which explains the observation of Pausanias, that this temple was superior in harmony to all the temples of the Peloponnesus, except that of Tegea, for it is evident, from other passages, that by *ἀρμονία* he meant the nice adaptation of the stones to each other, or, in other words, the fine execution of the masonry, and not the general harmony of the proportions of the temple. It may easily be conceived that such workmanship would be most finished in a temple of white marble, like that of Minerva Alea at Tegea, and least so in a building of soft conchite lime-stone, like that of the temple of Jupiter at Olympia; and this accords with the order of the three temples as to harmony in the idea of Pausanias, namely, first the Tegeatic, next the Phigaleian, and lastly the Olympian. In the temple of Apollo Epicurius, as in the Parthenon, the stones are wrought and adjusted to one another with such accuracy that the junctures in some places are not visible without the closest inspection; in others the superficial decomposition of the edges has formed a natural cement uniting the stones together.

"Although the Phigalenses made a present of their colossal statue of Apollo Epicurius to the city of Megalopolis, only seventy years after his temple was built, this removal does not appear to have taken place in consequence of any disaster which had dilapidated the building. The remark of Pausanias on its roof shows that it remained uninjured until his time. The cause of its present state of ruin one cannot well imagine to have been any other than the repetition of those concussions of the earth to which Greece is so subject,—which at first sight seem sufficient to have prevented the Greeks from having ever made any great advances in architecture, but which may perhaps in reality, by obliging them to encounter difficulties and to study solidity, have been one of the causes of their excellence in the art: in fact, though earthquakes are very frequent in this country, they seldom occur with such violence that a single shock would cause irreparable damage in buildings so well constructed as those of the Greeks;

as far therefore as their destruction has been the effect of these concussions, it has rather been caused by a repetition of shocks upon former injuries left unrepaired in consequence of that neglect of the public monuments, which increased as the power, and wealth, and spirit of the nation declined. At Athens two or three explosions of gunpowder destroyed in an instant what the successive earthquakes of twenty-two centuries had left uninjured. The mode adopted by Ictinus, the architect of the temple at Bassæ, to prevent the horizontal motion of the earth from separating the component cylinders of the columns was, to fill up a cavity left in the centre of two adjoining cylinders with a piece of lead. I could not find any of the lead, but the peasants informed me they had often taken pieces away. In the Parthenon the wood of the juniper, which is still called by its ancient name *Kîdpor* (cedar), was used for the same purpose, as well as lead, and I believe sometimes iron.

"The preservation of all the parts of the temple shows that the ruins have never been plundered for the sake of building materials. Indeed there is little temptation to transport these immense masses over such mountains as surround them, nor even to break them into smaller stones, by which barbarous process many other Hellenic remains have been destroyed, for there is no inhabited place nearer than Sklîrî, a small village, distant about one mile and a half from the temple, on a part of the mountain where the ground is a little more level than in most other parts, and where alone there seems any possibility of cultivating corn.

"There is certainly nothing in Greece, beyond the bounds of Attica, more worthy of notice than these remains. The temple of Ægina in some of its accidents or accompaniments may be more picturesque, and the surrounding prospect more agreeable; but undoubtedly there are many persons who will prefer the severe grandeur, the wildness, and the variety of this Arcadian scene, in which, amidst a continued contrast of rugged mountain, forest, and cultivated land, there is no want of objects interesting to the spectator by their historical recollection. That which forms, on reflection, the most striking circumstance of all, is the nature of the surrounding country, capable of producing little else than pasture for cattle, and offering no conveniences for the display of commercial industry either by sea or land. If it excites our astonishment that the inhabitants of such a district should have had the refinement to delight in works of this kind, it is still more wonderful that they should have had the means to execute them. This can only be accounted for by what Horace says of the early Romans:—

*Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum.*

This is the true secret of national power, which cannot be equally effective in an age of selfish luxury." ii. 1—9.

We take leave—but for the present only—of this valuable book, of the author of which, it is hardly too much to say, that, while he quotes largely from Strabo, Pausanias, and Polybius, he seems to unite in his own person more than one of the qualities which distinguished respectively the ancient topographer, the antiquarian, and the philosophic soldier and historian.

THE DE STAEL FAMILY.

Œuvres Diverses de M. le Baron Auguste de Staël, précédées d'une Notice sur sa Vie, et suivies de quelques Lettres inédites sur l'Angleterre. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris, Treuttel & Co.

NECKER, his daughter Madame de Staël, and her son Augustus, are all very remarkable characters; and the last, although for evident reasons the least known, is perfectly well qualified to form one of the links in that bril-

liant chain of public virtue, literary talent, and private worth. The history of the three generations of the Necker family may be said to be in some respects, the history of the spirit of their age. It is not so much the history of three individuals, as of a single character, undergoing different modifications in different states of society.

The grandfather was thrown, as if by an uncontrollable destiny, into public life, at a moment when the antique and rusty flood-gates of French society were rocking and splitting from the action of the boiling mass within. The department of finance, for which his education peculiarly qualified him, although always important, is unspeakably so at every great crisis in the affairs of a nation. Money is the sinews of civil as well as military power, whenever the people become enraged or even sullen; and in our own Revolution, it was at last as much a question of purse and credit as of principle, when the universities endeavoured to prop up the falling king with their plate, and the parliamentarians transformed

*Pots, bowls and flagons,
Into officers of horse and dragoons;
And into pikes and musqueteers,
Stamped beakers, cups, and porringers.*

In the most dangerous and difficult situation of administrator of the finance of the kingdom, at the moment of one of the greatest moral earthquakes that ever convulsed the world, Necker was alternately the object of worship and execration. Hated by the court parasites for his virtue, distrusted by the simple King for his sincerity, and adored one day by the people for his justice, and the next booted for his misfortunes, he preserved in the midst of all a noble and serene front,—retiring with dignity when exiled from office, and re-entering with modesty when called upon by the voice of a nation and the submission of a king. Although clearly seeing the fatal result, he continued to wrestle manfully with the storm; although his heart was stunned with the cries of a mighty city for bread, his brow was calm and his manner collected; and while the ancient pillars of the state tottered above his head, he continued to walk with a firm step and an untroubled eye. When at length swept for ever from his place by that inevitable torrent which, with a crash and a roar that alarmed the world, carried away with it thrones, altars, and institutions, he left behind him an imperishable monument in the recollections even of his enemies. He was one of the few men of that disastrous time, who honestly and openly endeavoured to turn the rational theories of the philosophers into the practice of the politician; he may be said to have been at the same instant, one of the originators of the revolution and one of the staunchest friends of royalty;—and even at the moment when he was hunted from his country, by the commands of the King, and followed by the curses of the populace, he left in the hands of the nation one of the noblest legacies recorded in history, the sum of two millions of francs, which he had lodged in the public treasury to support the credit of the assignats at the very time when he predicted their failure. It is the fashion, we are aware, introduced by Napoleon and his blind admirers, to decry both the talents and probity of Necker; but if he was not a man of the very highest class, he was at least one of the most remarkable characters of his age.

Madame de Staël inherited the strong mind of her father, his love of country, and his contempt of danger. Excluded from the executive power by her sex, and by her banishment from those intrigues, which in the boudoir of a lady sometimes form the moving power of state machinery, her mind was left to prey, as it were, upon itself. Adapting with wonderful facility her abstract reasonings to the outward

forms of events, but unable to compare her thoughts with that standard of reality, which is in the reach only of the practical politician, she was sometimes unsettled, and sometimes erroneous, though always striking and brilliant. Exercising a singular sway over the minds of the intellectual world, she governed at the same moment by two opposite principles, that of attraction and that of repulsion. She was enthusiastically beloved by her friends; while to the rest of the world she was the object, sometimes of affected contempt, but always of real hatred. Her sons loved her with a kind of passion, while they paid her the homage due to a superior being. To the mild Augustus, she was the guiding star of his life—the centre at once of his wishes and regrets; and when the fierce and untameable spirit of the younger son brought him to a violent death while yet a lad, he turned his eyes homewards from the field to her whose applause was the only prize he fought for, and died with his mother's name on his lips.

The education which Augustus de Staël received from the cares of this extraordinary woman, although exhibiting the keen penetration of her mind, would have completely failed, had not the innate character she was to work upon been of a very peculiar description. Far from teaching him his thoughts, which is the general custom of careful parents, she merely taught him to think. Having taught him this inestimable art, she had nothing more to fear. At the age of fifteen she let him loose among the temptations of Paris, without a master to control or a friend to advise him. The result, we are told, was precisely what the philosophic mother had anticipated. Instead of becoming a libertine, he was struck with alarm and disgust at the painted visage of debauchery; and, instead of allowing his youthful mind to be withered under the influence of the dry and chilling breath of infidelity, he became, from choice and conviction, a Christian. The judgment of a youth of fifteen, notwithstanding, however correct it may be, is unsteady; and some principle, therefore, is necessary to keep it fast. In the present case, that principle was *honour*. A tacit engagement—at least one not expressed in direct words—subsisted between Madame de Staël and her son, by which the latter felt himself bound to communicate to his mother the more important of the thoughts which passed through his mind, with the same minuteness and fidelity which might be supposed to characterize a narration of visible and tangible facts. Thus the incipient motions of his soul were perceived and counteracted by parental wisdom before they took effect upon the character; and thus, at a distance from his mother, her idea was suggested as distinctly, and her lessons enforced as strongly, as if her eye had been continually fixed upon him. A noble confidence was the means by which she formed and strengthened this principle of honour; and the boy felt himself under infinitely more restraint when the parental bonds were wholly relaxed, than if he had dragged about the weight of literal chains. Restraint, however, his subjection could not be called; for his mother was also his friend and companion—nay more, he was her supporter and comforter; she asked his advice in the exigencies of her affairs, accepted of his assistance, and gratefully acknowledged his kindness.

With the advantage of a moral education like this, and possessing a natural quickness of perception and fondness for study, it might be supposed, that under a regimen of which his grandfather would have approved, Augustus de Staël might have acquired a reputation not unworthy of his name. The law relating to the age of the deputies, however, shut out from him the prospect of serving his country in the legislative assemblies, except when looking forward through a long vista of years; and after

publishing a paper "Du nombre et de l'âge des députés," which may be considered his protest, his restless mind sought other objects on which to lavish its energies. Negro slavery, and the oppression of the Greeks, successively occupied his attention; on the former of which subjects he published "Documents relatifs à la traite des noirs." Agriculture, also, became a favourite pursuit; and he sought with avidity and success the means not only of taking proper advantage of the peculiar qualities of different lands, but of gathering the cultivators themselves into associations for mutual advantage and information.

A more important subject than these, however, was destined to engross his attention. The religious ideas which in early youth had taken hold of his mind, had been sometimes combatted, thrust aside, or forgotten in his passage through the world; but as his views of society, and speculations upon Providence therefrom deduced, became more enlarged, the crude conceptions of the boy were ripened into the firm conviction of the man. While throwing himself, heart and soul, into the sublimities of the Christian faith and doctrine, his character did not lose its individuality. He could not understand the religion which prescribed bounds to the mercy of the Deity. Christianity with him was the only religion of nature and of God, and its divine founder was the apostle of intellectual liberty. Discussion on doctrinal points he feared and shunned. "Ours," said he, "is a practical religion; it reveals itself to the human understanding only by prayer and in works." In this beautiful sentence lies the philosophy of Christianity. The leading study of Necker was the philosophy of politics, of de Staël the philosophy of literature, of Augustus the philosophy of religion. A life spent in the turmoil of business, interrupted still more by the mingled blessings and maledictions of millions, was the fate of the first; the second was satiated with the "foolish face of praise" of the reading ignorant, and excited the envy of the reading learned; the third found his recompense in some years of quiet benevolence—in the blessings of the poor and the captive—in the esteem and admiration of his neighbours—in the tidings from all parts of the earth where his exertions had contributed to spread the Gospel of peace—in the tranquillity of his own conscience, and in the approbation of his God.

The life of Augustus de Staël, although commenced in the most stormy time of the revolution, and filled throughout with business and vicissitude, presents few of those passages which are sought for by the readers (and the class is numerous) who look in biography for the species of amusement which it is the province of romance to furnish. Although enthusiastic in character, his views and aims were always practical; and they always tended more to the useful than to the great or dazzling. He was born at Paris on the 31st August, 1790, and was under the sole tuition of his mother during the early part of his life. Soon, however, the difficult and disastrous position in which Necker was placed, forced Madame de Staël to abandon in some measure the task of educating her son to others; and Augustus had the good fortune to enjoy the instructions of A. G. Schlegel. At thirteen his wanderings commenced with the banishment of the family. He travelled into Prussia, and afterwards returned to Coppet, where Necker died. At fifteen he entered the College at Paris, and began to prepare himself for admission into the polytechnic school; but at this epoch Madame de Staël was banished from France, and he found himself alone in the great city, a mere boy, the confidential agent of a woman whose presence the Emperor considered dangerous to his authority. Two years after, in 1808, when

the persecution became more violent, Augustus determined to seek the Emperor in person, and plead his mother's cause. The interview, as described by him in a letter to his mother, is intensely interesting; but its interest is altogether dramatic, and the passage is therefore not very susceptible of abridgment. We shall endeavour, notwithstanding, next week, to convey some idea both of the matter of the scene and the manner of the actors; and we shall also avail ourselves of another and a fuller report of the same scene from Duroc, who was present, but agreeing in all material points, given by Bourrienne.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY, No. XI.—*The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, abridged by Washington Irving, from his Larger Work. London, 1830. Murray.

Mr. Washington Irving was fortunate in his choice of a subject. The most remarkable event of one of the most brilliant periods of modern history, was the discovery of America. Indeed, perhaps no event has ever occurred so well fitted to awaken the curiosity of the human mind, or to call forth the energies of nations. The individual who effected so great an achievement, was one of those who seem destined from their very birth to some extraordinary career; he was not flung by the caprices of fortune into every situation conducive to his ultimate success; but, on the contrary, was long baffled in the pursuit of his favourite object by the enmity or mistrust of those to whom he applied, and at length made his way through all difficulties solely by the force of his own enthusiasm.

The larger work of Mr. Irving had already procured him the grateful applauses of the British, or we may rather say, of the European public. It unites to the eloquent freedom, vivacity, and grace of that author's style, no inconsiderable share of reading and careful meditation. But the multitude of details, the monotony of the incidents, and the suspension of interest through four octavo volumes, were too much for the patience of ordinary readers. These objections are completely got rid of in the little volume now before us, which is in every respect much superior to the diffuse work from which it is abridged: the events are combined more effectively; the sentiments and reflections are cleared of all subtlety and conceit; and the style is more rapid, simple, and energetic. In short Mr. Washington Irving's Columbus, in its abridged state, is among the most beautiful specimens of biography in any language. It is written with all that glowing enthusiasm that befits the subject, as if the author shared in all the feelings of Columbus: yet Mr. Irving's discrimination and learning are conspicuous in all his judgments, and in no instance is he guilty of sacrificing truth to effect. He is the first of the biographers of Columbus, who has revealed the weakness of that great man, and shown us, or rather allowed us to perceive, why one possessing so much genius and performing such eminent services, was regarded with so much coldness by the politic and prudent, and why in every situation, he was sure to be opposed and thwarted by the majority of those around him. Robertson, who too frequently gives history the colour of romance, and always prefers an eloquent theme to strict impartiality, describes Columbus as having to struggle on every occasion with selfishness, personal enmity, or wanton malice. But the historian must not sacrifice the cause of human nature to that of his hero; and Mr. Irving, without lessening our esteem for the great man whom he depicts, sufficiently explains these peculiarities of his character, which estranged from him the sympathies of the bulk of mankind. "He was decidedly a vision-

ary," (says Mr. Irving,) but a visionary of no ordinary kind, and successful in his dreams." He believed that by his discovery of the Indies, under the terms of the capitulation signed by Ferdinand and Isabella, he should acquire immense riches; and a power equal to that of the greatest princes. This vision of temporal grandeur mingled with his religious dreams—of which the following exhibits a striking instance.

Proposition of Columbus for a Crusade.

"Columbus remained in the city of Granada upwards of nine months, awaiting employment, and endeavouring to retrieve his affairs from the confusion into which they had been thrown. During this gloomy period, he called to mind his vow to furnish, within seven years from the time of his discovery of the new world, an army of fifty thousand foot and five thousand horse, for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. The time had elapsed, the vow remained unfulfilled, and the expected treasures that were to pay the army had never been realized. Destitute, therefore, of the means of accomplishing his pious purpose, he considered it his duty to incite the sovereigns to the enterprise; and he felt emboldened to do so, from having originally proposed it as the great object to which the profits of his discoveries should be directed. He set to work, therefore, with his accustomed zeal, to prepare arguments for the purpose. Aided by a Carthusian friar, he collected into a manuscript volume all the passages in the sacred scriptures and in the writings of the fathers, which he conceived to contain mystic portents and prophecies of the discovery of the new world, the conversion of the gentiles, and the recovery of the holy sepulchre; three great events which he considered as destined to succeed each other, and to be accomplished through his agency. He prepared, at the same time, a long letter to the sovereigns, written with his usual fervour of spirit and simplicity of heart, urging them to set on foot a crusade for the conquest of Jerusalem. It is a singular composition, which lays open the visionary part of his character, and shows the mystic and speculative reading with which he was accustomed to nurture his solemn and soaring imagination.

"It must be recollected that this was a scheme meditated in melancholy and enthusiastic moods, in the courts of the Alhambra, among the splendid remains of Moorish grandeur, where, but a few years before, he had beheld the standard of the faith elevated in triumph above the symbols of infidelity. It was in unison with the temper of the times, when the cross and sword frequently went together, and religion was made the pretext for the most desolating wars. Whether Columbus ever presented this book to the sovereigns, is uncertain; it is probable that he did not, as his thoughts suddenly returned, with renewed ardour, to their wonted channels, and he conceived a leading object for another enterprise of discovery." p. 274—5.

We quote the following passages from Mr. Irving's sketch of the character of Columbus, in justification of what we have said above as to the light in which the peculiarities of the great discoverer are placed.

Character of Columbus.

"He was tenacious of his rank and privileges, not from a mere vulgar love of titles, but because he prized them as testimonials and trophies of his illustrious deeds. Every question of compromise concerning them, he repulsed with disdain. 'These things,' said he, nobly, 'concern my honour.' In his testament, he enjoined on his son Diego, and whomsoever after him should inherit his estates, whatever other titles might be granted by the king, always to sign himself simply 'The Admiral,' by way of perpetuating in the family the source of its real greatness. . . . It cannot be denied, however, that

his piety was mingled with superstition, and darkened by the bigotry of the age. He evidently concurred in the opinion, that all the nations who did not acknowledge the christian faith were destitute of natural rights; and that the sternest measures might be used for their conversion, and the severest punishments inflicted upon them, if obstinate in unbelief. In this spirit of bigotry he considered himself justified in making captives of the Indians, and transporting them to Spain, to have them taught the doctrines of Christianity, and in selling them for slaves if they pretended to resist his invasions. In doing the latter, he sinned against the natural goodness of his heart, and against the feelings he had originally entertained and expressed towards this gentle and hospitable people; but he was goaded on by the mercenary impatience of the crown, and by the sneers of his enemies, at the unprofitable result of his enterprises. It is but justice to his character to observe, that the enslavement of the Indians thus taken in battle was at first openly countenanced by the crown, and that, when the question of right came to be discussed at the request of the queen, several of the most distinguished jurists and theologians advocated the practice; so that the question was finally settled in favour of the Indians solely by the humanity of Isabella. As the venerable bishop Las Casas observes, where the most learned men have doubted, it is not surprising that an unlearned mariner should err. . . . With all the visionary fervour of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery! Until his last breath, he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir, which had been visited by the ships of King Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broken upon his mind, could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent equal to the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! and how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age, and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which would arise in the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations and tongues and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity!" p. 348-54.

The following interesting note is appended to Mr. Irving's volume.

"While this abridgment was going to press, the author received a letter from Madrid, mentioning a recent circumstance, which may be of some interest to the reader of this work. The emancipation of the Spanish Colonies in America had stripped the heirs of Columbus of all their property, inasmuch that his last direct descendant and representative, the Duke of Veraguas, a young nobleman of worth and talent, was reduced to extreme poverty. He instituted a claim upon the government for indemnification, which has just been allowed. A pension of twenty-four thousand dollars has been assigned him on the revenues of Cuba and Porto Rico. It is a circumstance highly to his credit, that, in the time of his greatest distress, he refused sums that were offered him for various documents in the archives of his family, and particularly for autographs of his illustrious ancestor." p. 357.

The Life of a Lawyer. Written by Himself. London, 1830. Saunders and Benning.

THIS novel is of the didactic class. It has been long observed, that poetry was not the proper vehicle for technical instruction. The genius of Lucretius was insufficient to master the abstract and impracticable nature of his philosophy. Virgil even, though he has been thought to "fling about his dung" with extraordinary grace, is only a poet, when he escapes from his subject, (of course we are speaking of the Georgics,) and "stands at ease" to sing of matters quite foreign to gardening and husbandry. But though in verse we do not relish the mixture of sober and instructive subjects, we are daily witnesses that in the form of novels the demand for information is very generally satisfied. We have not quite settled our opinion upon this point. We sometimes think, that the taste of the day is more masculine than formerly; that the age of romance and nonsense is over—the reign of terror and "raw-head and bloody-bones" *diablerie* is at an end; but at other times we attribute the dominion of "theschoolmaster" to a lack of fancy and creative power, and we look upon this sort of compromise between instruction and amusement as a sign of false taste, and think that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Children may be like letters of gilt gingerbread, and the "gay luxurious proud" may fancy they know what is meant by "poor fare," when they are sipping *brown bread ice*. But, however equivocal the foundation of the popular taste for the romance of real life, we must all recognize its prevalence and continual increase. Since Godwin melted the solid and heavy bullion of political justice into the bright and current coin of "Caleb Williams," we have had innumerable examples of novels written to illustrate certain principles. History, divinity, philosophical discovery, politics, are all "got up" in the most palatable forms. Dr. Kitchenier gives an epic interest to his culinary delineations, an epigrammatic point to his dishes; and that great arbiter of the "comme il faut," Mr. Theodore Hook, tells us how to sit at table and "behave pretty."

We have considered this exordium as a necessary introduction to a critique on the work before us, which describes the rise and progress of a lawyer. Neither more nor less than a plain and probable sketch is attempted, and in this view we pronounce the work "good without pretence." The hero, a certain John Eagle, begins the world under great disadvantages of birth and fortune, but manages by quickness and industry to reach the highest station open to a subject. He is a person extremely prudent, and deserves what he gets, if not by commanding qualities, at least by tact and judgment, and waiting upon providence. We do not mean to say that the worthy Mr. Eagle, alias Sir John Eagle, alias Lord Malvern, ever equals in tergiversation some of those illustrious individuals who have really existed as models of this ideal painting,—in this respect, "truth is stranger than fiction;" but we have had many occasions to applaud the "lawyer" for being "wise in his generation."

A trial which determines the right of inheritance of his client and subsequent patron, bears some resemblance to a story current about the actual circumstances of a noble family, and will on this account, in addition to its merits as a graphic and faithful delineation, be read with interest.

The sketches of eminent legal characters which are interspersed throughout the work, are too plain to be mistaken; at least we think this is the case with some, which must strike every one as portraits of Lord Eldon, Lord Lyndhurst, and Sir E. B. Sugden: we give the last.

"The first, both in business and merit, was Sir Edward Winter, who was then Solicitor-General. His distinguishing characteristic,

perhaps, was a remarkable shrewdness. He was a perfect lawyer, and, considering his immense practice, his knowledge of everything relating to his case was perfectly wonderful. If any date were to be supplied, if any minute question relating to it were asked, Mr. Winter was sure to know, and answer it first. I never knew a man who had such complete command of his own faculties, or who could summon them so readily to his command. He rarely rose into anything like eloquence. It might have been the nature of the subjects on which he treated, and the character of the court and the judge whom he addressed; but he never departed from his own temperate and unadorned style of speaking. He always argued a question with animation, and sometimes with liveliness; he always spoke with point and effect, and was at present most in request as an advocate in that court. His power of seizing, at a glance, on all the strong points of his case, was perhaps never equalled; and the zeal and intrepidity with which he would fight the battle of his client, was never surpassed. He was the man of all others who had risen purely by his own exertions." p. 150-51.

One principal object of the work appears to be the recommendation of the author's views concerning Reform, both political and legal, or at least to present some striking arguments upon these subjects. No extract from these proposals would, however, be sufficient to give an idea of their scope and tendency. There are some trials which depict very well the chances of the law and the acts of the men of the law, and an election scene, which will be read with interest.

But our "lawyer," has not trusted to dry and technical matter to ensure the attention of his reader. There is an undercurrent of affection which carries on the sympathy excited by the difficulties and privations to which the professional man is exposed;—a *sauce piquante* to the strong meat which he supplies to us. Love, which melts and penetrates the most obdurate, watches an opportunity and overcomes the wily and cautious Mr. Eagle. The affair begins on Circuit—we think in a Court of Common Law; but after a short prosecution, is withdrawn by the original opener. The lover subsequently "*moves for a new trial*," but is overruled. Still the passion excited acts as a *retaining fee*, and the matter becomes a Chancery suit, i.e. it is not decided for many years;—it does not, however, end in the ruin of both parties, as in a work of fiction an occasional departure from "sad reality" may perhaps be allowed. On the contrary, in this matrimonial portion, which starts under the united auspices of Lord Eldon and Mr. Malthus, there is here and there a sunny spot of good feeling, which assures us that the writer is in possession of considerable power over the heart, and ability to move the tenderest of sympathies. We might exemplify what we say by quoting from the scenes of courtship, but we prefer the following natural account of a husband's and father's anxieties and delights. It happens after the hero is made Lord Chancellor, and elevated to the peerage as Baron Malvern.

"It was very soon after I had been appointed Lord Chancellor, that I had to undergo great anxiety of a different nature from all legal or political matters, and from a novel source to me.

"Oh! how often have I longed to be a father. Unconnected as I was with every one, I often felt as if I could have resigned all my fame honours, and fortune, with cheerfulness, if I could but have enjoyed that one blessing. I appeared to me that I had hitherto proceeded in the world a solitary and isolated adventurer, and thus also I was to depart from it, and leave no trace behind me. My name was to be elevated to the most extensive renown—was to be

in the mouth of every one—and was then to fall suddenly and die away for ever.

"How bitterly I often felt this, I cannot express. Neither can I think of it without calling to mind the firmness, the soothing resignation, the true and unchangeable affection, with which this deprivation was borne by her who must have often felt it even more deeply than I. To me a thousand employments and lofty projects were ever present to engage my thoughts from all that was not immediately present; yet to me it was a bitter grief: but to her the want of children must have been a source of continual and recurring sorrow.

"Years had now, however, passed over, and our feelings were much tranquillized, yet not deadened, on the subject; although, indeed, there was, on my elevation to the peerage, a fresh reason for wishing for an heir. I cannot say how it would have been, but perhaps, in the autumn of my life, it was more joyful intelligence, than it would ever have been, when it was communicated to me, that Lady Malvern would soon become a mother. I received it with exultation, and the greater because such an event was utterly unexpected, as she was fast approaching that time of life when all hopes of this nature end.—

"It was expected that all doubts would be over by the month of May; and on the 15th of that month Lady Malvern was accordingly taken ill, late in the evening.

"I passed the whole of that night sleepless and agitated, but the morning brought no relief; and my public duties called me at ten o'clock to the Court of Chancery, as it was then Easter Term. I knew that now I should have to fix my attention on abstract and technical matters, when my thoughts were engrossed by one great and overwhelming subject. I knew, however, that I could be of no service at home, and that my presence in the house was an additional anxiety to Lady Malvern. I therefore determined to set off for Westminster Hall.

"I directed that the event, or any alteration in the state of Lady Malvern, should be immediately communicated to me, wherever I should be.

"I arrived in court, and it was indeed a distressing day. I had to sit in a public court, crowded by the counsel and the public, all gazing at me and watching my slightest movement. I had to appear to give my mind exclusively to the business to be gone through. I had to endure all the wranglings and squabbles of the day, and seem to be concerned with nothing but them. I tried in vain to fix my attention to what was going on; but the words which were uttered seemed perfectly unintelligible to me. The court at times passed from my view, and my whole thoughts rushed back to my own house, and the scene that was there transacting." p. 359—61.

He then proceeds to the House of Lords.

"The house met; I took my seat on the woolsack, and the ordinary business was transacted, but it could not fix my attention. I had, indeed, nothing to do: but what was said by other lords was almost unheard. The whole scene appeared to me as a dream. A confused noise sounded in my ears, but I could attach no distinct idea to the place I was in, or the persons I was apparently listening to. I looked round anxiously every moment for some message or letter to me, but I could think of nothing else.

"At last, I observed a note in the hands of one of the clerks of the house. He looked towards me, and seemed in some doubt whether he should give it to me. I soon understood that this letter was intended for me, and stretched out my hand for it, and tore it open. I read as follows:—

"Berkeley-Square.

"My Lord, '8 o'clock, (evening.)

"I have to inform your lordship that Lady Malvern has just given birth to a son. I am

sorry to say she is at present lifeless, [?] but I have nevertheless, great hopes that her ladyship will recover.

"I am, my Lord,

"Your lordship's most obliged servant.

"THOMAS BEYNON, M.D."

"This letter, joined to my previous excitement, was more than I could bear. I remained for some moments perfectly stupefied, and only recollect hearing some expressions of alarm as to myself, from the peers sitting near me. I then fell forward quite insensible.

"The house was, of course, in immediate commotion. All business was suspended, and I was removed to the open air, when I soon recovered. I did not at first come to a correct knowledge of all that had passed. I had a vague notion that a child had been born to me, and that my wife was no more. I soon saw that the best place for me was my own house. I got into my carriage, therefore, and was quickly at my door, and had in the meantime fully recollected the alarming intelligence conveyed in the letter of the doctor.

"I jumped out of the carriage and ran hastily into the house. I was met in the hall by Dr. Bynon. I was unable to speak, but his look restored me.

"All is well, my dear lord," he said; "I hope I have not alarmed you."

"My wife?" I gasped out; "but my wife?"

"Lady Malvern has now recovered," said Dr. Bynon. "She was at first dreadfully overcome. She is now quite safe—quite safe, I assure you, my lord."

"His calmness did assure me. This was happiness enough for some little time. Another thought soon, however, revived.

"Ah! Doctor Bynon," I cried, "my child—have I a child?"

"You have indeed, my lord," he replied, earnestly; "in perfect health;—a son!"

"This seemed too much to realize at once: but the doctor well knew the feelings of my mind, and merely pointed me up stairs. I immediately felt his meaning. I rushed up, and my child was soon indeed brought to me, and in my arms. I could only welcome him by a flood of tears.

"Let me not attempt to describe my feelings on that occasion. He can alone know them who holds in his arms his first-born. They are too fine and pure to bear a detail.

"I felt, indeed, my life renewed at this moment. I felt I had not lived in vain. I now enjoyed the full privileges of a man, and could look with tranquillity and comfort to my future life and dying moments.

"My next thought was of Lady Malvern. I deposited my little infant, as yet almost unconscious of existence, in his nurse's arms, and stole softly to her room.

"She was now in a sweet and placid sleep, and all danger had passed over her. I would not awake her. It was here that I could collect and tranquillize my own perturbed feelings. I then wanted no better companion than her sleeping form, that I might reflect upon and reconcile myself to all my new-born happiness." p. 363—66.

The Veracity of the Five Books of Moses. By the Rev. J. J. Blunt. cr. 8vo. 1830. London, Murray.

We cannot but entertain a respect for any man who comes before us as a champion in the sacred cause of Religion. Anything that tends to give validity to the truths of divine revelation, we must ever hail with satisfaction; and we therefore feel that our thanks are eminently due to the author before us. He has entered with great acuteness into an examination of accidental coincidences in the Mosaic history, and has very successfully indicated its integrity,

by accumulating points, abstractedly unimportant, which, when brought together, embody a mass of evidence, indirect indeed, but often the more conclusive, because the various particulars which constitute this evidence are adventitious, and introduced into the sacred narrative obviously without premeditation or any especial design. It is by an induction of scattered particulars, all remote from the main purpose, yet remarkably harmonizing with it, and producing a body of collateral proofs evidently not contemplated by the sacred historian, that Mr. Blunt has most triumphantly established the veracity of the Jewish lawgiver. He has followed the plan of the *Horæ Paulinæ*, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the learned and discriminating Paley, with great judgment and success; nor is it possible, we should apprehend, to rise from the perusal of Mr. Blunt's volume, without a perfect conviction of the authenticity of the Pentateuch. He has, however, we think, elaborated a little too highly some points that do not obviously confirm his argument, and the coincidences are sometimes, though we confess but rarely, too remote to be easily detected. They are occasionally pressed into the service, and tortured when refractory in order that they may perform a forced and supervenient duty. We think that in Abraham's supplication to God for the preservation of Sodom, Mr. Blunt proves too much. If the Patriarch only interceded for it on his nephew Lot's account, Moses has virtually misrepresented him by impressing us with the feeling that his motive was of a more disinterested character. Lot's safety might have strengthened this motive indeed, but we cannot, for the credit of the sacred historian, conceive that Abraham had merely Lot's interest in view when he entreated the Deity to spare the devoted city. Besides, we can scarcely imagine that "He from whom no secrets are hid," would have received so favourably a request of which the object was so disingenuously disguised. In Mr. Blunt's exposition of the term "goodly raiment," in the passage where Jacob fraudulently obtains his father's blessing, we cannot concur. Bishop Patrick's interpretation of the passage we hold to be the most obvious and natural. We can scarcely imagine that Jacob would present the "savoury meat," which Isaac presumes he had just been preparing, in sacerdotal robes. Besides, it cannot be reasonably supposed, that Jacob would have assumed these sacred habiliments unnecessarily; and if a necessity for wearing them, in order to receive the paternal blessing, had existed, Esau would not have entered his father's presence without them: so that in this case he must have detected his brother's duplicity, before he came himself to Isaac for his benediction. Mr. Blunt's arguments are not here quite conclusive; they do not bear him out in the fact which he endeavours to establish, namely, that "goodly raiment" signifies *priestly garments*. Most of the instances, however, which he has cited of coincidental evidence, are exceedingly striking. His views are ingenious and profound, but ingenuity is by no means the prevailing feature of his book: it is animated and persuasive. There is moreover a gracefulness in his language, and a clearness in his style, which renders a rather recondite subject extremely interesting.

We subjoin a passage, though rather long, as a proof of Mr. Blunt's ability in showing of what importance a trifle sometimes is in establishing the veracity of sacred history.

"There is another indication of truth in this same portion of patriarchal story. It is this—*The consistent insignificance of Bethuel in this whole affair.* Yet he was alive, and as the father of Rebekah was likely, it might have been thought, to have been a conspicuous person in this contract of his daughter's marriage. For there was nothing in the custom of the country to

warrant the apparent indifference in the party most nearly concerned, which we observe in Bethuel. Laban was of the same country and placed in circumstances somewhat similar; he too had to dispose of a daughter in marriage, and that daughter also, like Rebekah, had brothers; yet in this case the terms of the contract were stipulated, as was reasonable, by the father alone; he was the active person throughout. But mark the difference in the instance of Bethuel—whether he was incapable from years or imbecility to manage his own affairs, it is of course impossible to say, but something of this kind seems to be implied in all that relates to him. Thus, when Abraham's servant meets with Rebekah at the well, he inquires of her, 'whose daughter art thou?—tell me, I pray thee, is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in?' She answers, that she is the daughter of Bethuel, and that there is room; and when he thereupon declared who he was and whence he came, 'the damsel ran and told them of her mother's house' (not of her father's house, as Rachel did when Jacob introduced himself,) 'these things.' This might be accidental; but 'Rebekah had a brother,' the history continues, and 'his name was Laban, and Laban ran out unto the man' and invited him in. Still we have no mention of Bethuel. The servant now explains the nature of his errand, and in this instance it is said that Laban and Bethuel answered; Bethuel being here in this passage, which constitutes the sole proof of his being alive, coupled with his son as the spokesman. It is agreed, that she shall go with the man, and he now makes his presents,—but to whom? 'Jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment, he gave to Rebekah.' He also gave, we are told, 'to her brother and to her mother precious things'; but not, it seems, to her father; still Bethuel is overlooked, and he alone. It is proposed that she shall tarry a few days before she departs. And by whom is this proposal made? Not by her father, the most natural person surely to have been the principal throughout this whole affair; but 'by her brother and her mother.' In the next generation, when Jacob, the fruit of this marriage, flies to his mother's country at the counsel of Rebekah to hide himself from the anger of Esau, and to procure for himself a wife, and when he comes to Haran and inquires of the shepherds after his kindred in that place, how does he express himself?—'Know ye,' says he, 'Laban the son of Nahor?' This is more marked than even the former instances, for Laban was the son of Bethuel, and only the grandson of Nahor; yet still we see Bethuel is passed over as a person of no note in his own family, and Laban his own child designated by the title of his grandfather, instead of his father.

"This is consistent—and the consistency is too much of one piece throughout, and marked by too many particulars, to be accidental. It is the consistency of a man who knew more about Bethuel than we do, or than he happened to let drop from his pen. It is of a kind, perhaps, the most satisfactory of all for the purpose I use it, because the least liable to suspicion of all. The uniformity of expressive silence—repeated omissions that have a meaning—no agreement in a positive fact, for nothing is asserted; yet a presumption of the fact conveyed by mere negative evidence. It is like the death of Joseph in the New Testament, which none of the Evangelists affirm to have taken place before the crucifixion, though all imply it. This kind of consistency I look upon as beyond the reach of the most subtle contriver in the world." p. 57—62.

Upon the whole this volume is above all praise.

EMIGRATION.

An Inquiry into the Causes and Remedies of Pauperism. 1st, 2d, and 3d Series. By the Right Hon. R. Wilmot Horton, M.P. 8vo. London, 1830.

THESE three pamphlets contain a clear and succinct exposition of the views of Mr. Wilmot Horton on emigration, as a remedy for pauperism. That he is an advocate for the application of that remedy, we need not inform our readers; nor will they require to be told that he is an able pleader in the cause he espouses. For our own parts, also, we are free to confess that, granting one of the premises on which the reasonings of Mr. Horton are grounded, we deem his conclusions irrefragable.

That emigration, as long as a single acre of the earth's surface remains either wholly or imperfectly stocked with the animal man, is the natural, and consequently the best remedy, for a redundant population in other quarters, no unprejudiced and honest reasoner will deny. Proceeding, therefore, from the data, that the United Kingdom is in the case of a country burthened with a redundant population, Mr. Wilmot Horton very plausibly maintains, that emigration is a fitting remedy; and shows, moreover, that it is a remedy which ought to be applied at the expense of the state; not only in consideration of the paupers who are to be relieved by it, but as an exercise of economy in the administration of the resources of the state itself. The soundness of this view of the case is very clearly made out, and proved by analogical reasoning in the third letter of the correspondence with M. Duchatel, as contained in the second series. We repeat then our opinion, that those persons who admit the existence of a redundant population, cannot refuse assent to the inferences of Mr. Horton. But in examining the propriety of emigration as a remedy for the evils under which this country is confessedly labouring, may it not be asked, if the foundation of Mr. Horton's fabric be a sound one? Is there not in his substruction a loose keystone, which would yield to a few tugs from an infant's hand, and the withdrawal of which would cause the entire edifice to come tumbling about the ears of its architect? In short, is it the fact that the population of the United Kingdom is redundant? Is population necessarily redundant in the case where the profitable employment for labour is not commensurate with the power of labour in the market? A Committee of the House of Commons have resolved that it is; but the resolutions of the House of Commons—alas! we have too much the fear of Newgate before our eyes, to say exactly what we think of them. Enough, that we cannot submit our minds to be enthralled by them in all cases; for it is our conviction that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy, or in that of Mr. Horton's conclusions as to redundant population.

We have, nevertheless, great esteem for the name of the author of these pamphlets. We respect the motives which animate exertions in behalf of suffering humanity; and although we do not regard emigration as the necessary cure for the evils with which the country is afflicted, we should not object, under all circumstances, to its being encouraged by the government, and aided at the expense of the state; for we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that it would be an alleviation to a vast deal of human suffering, of which no speedy termination as yet presents itself in any other shape.

A Compendium of Modern Geography. By the Rev. Alexander Stewart. Second Edition. Edinburgh, 1830.

WE are glad to see a second edition of this excellent school-book, which contains as much accurate and valuable information as many volumes

of twice its size and price. Indeed, in the latter respect, it is matched by few productions of the press, even in this age of cheap books. A handsome volume of three hundred very closely-printed pages, strongly bound, and containing ten well-executed maps, has never before, we think, been offered to the public for so small a sum. It is a work, moreover, which, while its explanations are well adapted to the capacity of youth, bears throughout the marks of patient and careful research in a very superior degree to most school-books. We would particularly recommend to attention the descriptive tables appended to the general account of every country, which are drawn up with extraordinary neatness, and in such a manner as to comprehend really a wonderful quantity of information in a very small space. Taken altogether, they serve the purpose of a Gazetteer of all the principal places in the world, including as they do between two and three thousand names of kingdoms, cities, mountains, rivers, &c., with a short description of each, and what is extremely useful and important, the correct or customary pronunciation in all cases in which any doubt or difficulty can be felt. Teachers as well as pupils will feel grateful to the author for this part of his labours. We ought to mention that the present edition of the work contains a good deal more matter than the former. Upon the whole, the book well deserves the popularity it has acquired, and which we have no doubt this new impression will both maintain and extend.

Lectures on Practical and Medical Surgery, forming part of an Extended Course on the Principles and Practice of Surgery. Delivered in 1828 and 1829. By Thomas Alcock. London, 1830. Burgess and Hill.

CONSIDERING the great responsibility attached to the surgical practitioner in the performance of his professional duties, we cannot but feel a gratification at any attempt to improve the science. In the little volume before us, the attention of the student is directed, and very properly, to many of those operations and diseases which are considered as objects of minor importance, by many surgical teachers and practitioners. The simple operation of bleeding in the arm, when unskillfully performed, may be the cause of serious consequences. The author here mentions a case, where the principal artery of the arm was wounded, and the unfortunate sufferer, after having undergone four operations for restraining the hemorrhage, was ultimately compelled to have the limb amputated; this case affords a useful lesson to the younger branches of the profession, especially as it is illustrated by engravings of each successive operation. The subject of diseases in children is ably investigated, particularly those affecting the mucous membranes, as measles, whooping-cough, scarlet-fever and small-pox. Inflammation of the membranes connected with the organs of respiration, the author divides into two species; first, those arising from general or local causes acting on the constitution; and secondly, those depending on supposed specific causes, or symptomatic of other diseases. The medical reader will derive much profit from perusing the practical reflections on the cure of this extensive class of diseases, inasmuch as inflammation of the respiratory organs in general are the immediate cause of death, and require prompt remedies in order to avoid the fatal consequences, which in a few hours frequently put an end to a great portion of the infantile population. Mr. Alcock's observations are founded on actual practice; and are not the result of novel theory or experiment.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into a further analysis of these lectures: we have therefore only glanced at one or two of its leading features. We may observe, however, that if medical students were to pay but a little atten-

tion to the practical remarks they contain, our hospitals and public institutions would not be the receptacles of so many victims of gross ignorance and bad surgery. We have but one fault to find: and that is, that from the style of the engravings, they are very obscure in their uncoloured state.

A Concise System of Mathematics, in Theory and Practice. By Alexander Ingram. Edinburgh, 1830.

THIS is a second and greatly-improved edition of an elementary work, which is well known in our seminaries of education. Its usefulness may perhaps be most shortly explained, by stating that it contains a system of Algebra, embracing both Simple and Quadratic Equations; a very well drawn up Compendium of the principal problems of Geometry and Conic Sections; Directions for the use of Logarithms, the method of calculating which had been previously given under the head of Algebra; the rules and cases of Plane Trigonometry; a very full System of Mensuration, Surveying, and Gauging, followed by a variety of useful Tables; an elaborate and highly-valuable treatise on the measurement of the works of all the different descriptions of artificers, with an account of the results of the latest experiments on the strength of timber; an Appendix embracing the theoretical principles of Geometry, and Plane and Spherical Trigonometry; and, finally, the usual Tables of the Logarithms of numbers from 1 to 10,000, and of Logarithmic Sines, Tangents, &c. It is evident from this sketch of its contents, that the present is exactly the book for an artificer wishing to make himself acquainted both with the scientific principles of his profession, and their practical application. It is certainly one of the most comprehensive manuals which have ever been drawn up either for schools or private students; none of the latter of whom, we apprehend, although even left without a master, will find anything wanting in it which the title authorizes him to expect. We have, indeed, met with no other work of the kind which is at the same time so complete, various, and accurate, on the one hand—and so cheap, and in every way commodious, on the other.

Treasury of Knowledge and Library of Reference. By Samuel Maunders. Parts I. and II. 12mo. London, 1830. Maunders.

WE have here, in a form admirably adapted for the traveller's portmanteau, the most complete and generally useful publication which it has ever fallen to our lot to notice. A grammar, followed by a many-columned table of verbal distinctions; proverbs, terms, and phrases, in four languages; a dictionary completed by the collation of larger works of the same description, and enlarged with authenticated terms used by approved writers, but not admitted into former vocabularies, and with useful and significant words of modern invention; arithmetical tables, a universal gazetteer, classical and law dictionaries, besides other very useful compendiums, all in a single volume of very moderate bulk! The labour of compilation, moreover, has been conducted in a manner which bespeaks great painstaking, and a most praiseworthy ambition to produce a respectable, accurate, and perfect work. The types are of convenient size, beautifully distinct, and on the whole, in short, the work, whether for the purpose of general reference on ordinary occasions, for the use of youth, for those who affect but a scanty library, or for the traveller, is the best thing of its kind extant. The pages, top, bottom, and side margins, are too crammed with maxims, &c., but this is an error that may be excused, in grace to the disinterestedness of the motive with which it has been committed.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY. No. III. *Xenophon. Vol. I. The Anabasis.* London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

THE translation of the *Anabasis* adopted by the conductors of the Family Library, is the excellent one of Spelman. The getting up of the volume equals in every respect the style and execution of the specimen number of the work, and of those parts which have subsequently appeared. A resemblance of the author, a kind of mulish production, a something between the painted portrait and the bust, elaborately engraved by Mr. Dean, faces the title-page.

THE OLD ROAD.

"*Via sacra.*"—*Horat. Sat. IX.*

I HAD just closed my book, which in general I have by me for half an hour's desultory peep after dinner, being one of those who think (and I believe correctly too, whatever some may say to the contrary,) that so far from hindering digestion in any way, a little reading is not injurious. I maintain moreover, that it is not merely negatively good, but positively so; inasmuch as it abstracts the mind from the body, thereby leaving the latter to the free and unembarrassed use of its functions. But I hear the outcry of philosophers, &c. about the influence of spirit upon matter, and *vice versa*, with many cunning reasons deduced from the experience or theory of men eminent in physic, why reading immediately after dinner is detrimental to animal distribution. Now, be it understood, I mean not to assert that it is advisable to sit down to Newton's Principia, or Locke's Essay, or a philological discussion by any ancient or modern gentleman, after a hearty meal; all I wish to say is, that I can see no reason why a glance here and there, up and down,—at the beginning or ending of a favourite author, should be more injurious to the aforesaid digestion, than a pipe of tobacco, or an additional bottle of wine; or, what agrees better with my finances, another tankard of ale. But of this enough.—I have said I had just closed my book, and was preparing to take half an hour's nap in a most somniferous arm-chair, when a reproachful sunbeam darted through the window, and very particularly, and I thought strangely, rivetted itself upon my straw hat that lay carelessly upon a sofa at the further side of the room. Upon this hint (if it seemed such) I rose; dismissed my friend Somnus rather cavalierly—put on the aforesaid straw hat, and wandered forth for an evening ramble.

The time of year was that in which the face of the country "half pranked with spring, with summer half embrown'd," presented a mixture of climate that pleased me more than the settled appearance of either season. Nature, in this participation of both seemed to be undergoing one of her mutations, and I love to contemplate her at work. There could not be a more picturesque scene. High mountains to the westward had thrown a twilight over the valley earlier than in other places; but it was not to be regretted, for "the fragrant hours and elves that slept in buds the day," walked forth the sooner from their haunts, and dubious evening-light, with all its mellowing witchery, enwrapped the sweetest valley in the world; while "day's garish eye" still flared upon the further sides of the mountain.

As I was ignorant which might be the most amusing path, I took that which chance presented me with. This was a green lane which, striking out of the beaten track, ascended a wooded hill, on the summit of which stood a venerable ruin, covered with that simple garment of time, evergreen ivy!—The furrows and marks of wheel vehicles were still visible in the road, and a raised pathway, on one side, apparently having been appropriated to the accom-

modation of the pedestrian, invited me up its tangled windings, from which the prospect of the valley improved at every step as I slowly advanced.

One place I could not resist stopping at. It was one of those little swing gates which are frequently found at the commencement of a footpath that diverges from the main road; the resting place of "home-spiced milkmaid," and the scene of many an act of simple "politesse" and harmless gallantry.

I leaned my chin upon the gate, and soon became bewildered in the twilight enchantments of hill and dale, meadow and stream, tower and tree, that harmonized in the romantic scenery before me!

I was disturbed from my reverie by a stage-coach passing quickly along a new line of road which I had not before observed, and which, with its prim hedge-rows and palisades, at the distance I viewed it, seemed like a boundary fortification or inclosure round the base of the hill. By casting a retrospective glance along its line, I found it was a continuation of the high road from which I had diverged, and was one of those modern improvements, so highly promotive of the convenience of intercourse, (commercial or otherwise;) but which, in the romantic language of a mad tourist, I would term, defacing lines of nature's beauty, or artificial ducts for information, or anything else, differing as much from old expressions, however round-about or inconvenient, as the laid pipes of a metal water-main differ from the wayward and picturesque channels of a mountain stream-let!

Let us discuss this question in a stage-coach: "It's all nonsense," exclaims a man of business, in a drab-coloured coat of about three years standing, "you can get to town a day sooner than when I was a 'prentice; now I shall be in time for 'Change to-day."

"'Tis very true;" responds a clerical gentleman—"a little round, fat, oily man of God!"—now that the new line is opened, I frequently take a trip to my friends at B—; 'tis such luxury to get everything so fresh;—the mackerel there is delici-ous! I have a choice dish of them in the basket you may have seen on the top of the coach; a lady presented them to me this morning: now by the old road they would be good for nothing by the time we reach town—I protest it's a great improvement!"

"I breakfasted in town this morning," drily adds a limb of the law—"went down by the stage to L—, served three latitats and one ejection, and here I am on my road back again, time enough to finish the engrossing of a deed of marriage settlement, which must be at Serjeant —'s by five o'clock this afternoon!"

"Wonderful!" coughs out an old lady, whose dress and phiz altogether seemed to render her approval of anything modern quite a solecism. "'Tis really wonderful!—when I (coughing) was a little girl (coughing increased), about five and twenty years back!"—

But for my own reflections—leaning as before with my chin upon the little swing-gate. Yet I must not "consider things too curiously," particularly those that might tend to weaken my romance-notions—(I would not be even reasoned out of them!)—or blot away the beautiful from my theory, and substitute for it naked truth and matter-of-fact certainty. He who would obtrude his bluff logic upon the delicate sophistry of a romancer, to destroy the charm of its illusion, has never walked in the ways of Nature's loveliness, or heard the wild hum of her woodland music! *Au moins* with a heart!

First, then, it is curious to remark, in the more picturesque parts of the country, how either hilly or circuitous are the routes of almost all the old roads. The more so, as in their neighbourhood, which existed then as well as now,

the moderns have found more level tracks and shorter ways, by which to form new and more immediate lines of communication. Now, without alleging, as the cause of those viatic imperfections, either feudal times, baronial influence, or a troubled peasantry, divided as they were between the falcuchion and the ploughshare, consequently unfixed in either pursuit: and consequently again, the neglect of commerce, which now calls for these more direct modes of intercourse, I—but hold,—I am like Grumio in the play,—indiscreetly revealing what I wish to conceal—namely, that it was through the necessity, and not the good taste of our ancestors, that thus their ways were so romantically constructed;—so, with your leave, reader, I will consider the subject abstracted from all interest, save that of the tourist, and simply as an object to be viewed by the prismatic eye, or false optics, (call it which you like,) of poetical vision.

Oh! I love to trace the windings of an old road—its unwillingness to part from the calm river that seems its rival path-way through the valley;—then, when forced at last to ascend a craggy, or a wooded hill, its frequent turns and granite vistas, as if casting “longing ling’ring looks behind,” upon the scene it leaves—the venerable yews and oaks that skirt its way—the rookeries—the ivied ruins—the old massive portals leading to sequestered castles—the long grass waving through their broken arches—the glimpse of waterfall and the cry of wood-pigeon: these are not on the hacknied ways of life—you find not such upon the modern road.

The stories, too, of the guide or post-boy—all are now forgotten. The woodland legend sleeps as quietly in its neglected locality as the dust of its heroes. The crosses, the holy wells, the rude though impressive sculpture of departed saints, and all those thousand nothings that interest the eye of romance and of feeling, are hourly wrapping themselves in the moss and weeds of oblivion; and the bright haunts of former busy life are dull and dark even at noon-day!

As I ran on in this fashion with my thoughts, an old man, in a tattered sailor's jacket and trousers, addressed me: “Pray, young master,” said he, “is this the road to the village of N.?” “Yes,” I replied, “there it lies in the valley. You may see the church-steeple peep over that brown wood yonder.”—“Alas!” said the veteran, “my sight has fled with my youth; but nevertheless I thought I should have known my native scene.”—“Weary and weak as you are,” rejoined I, “you should not have clambered up this hill; why did you not take the level new road, friend?”—“New road!” sighed he; “there was no new road, as you call it, when I left my home—no! no! This was the path by which I quitted all I once held dear; I begin to know it now;—is not that a burial-ground yonder? Ay, ay!—the other you speak of may be a very good way, but there is nothing like retracing the very steps that once banished us from sweet home—’tis a kind of atonement,” said the old man, “for ever having deserted the nest that reared us, by flying to cold hearts and strange climes!”

“There was a romance in the sailor's manner which curiously contrasted with his age, and which interested me exceedingly. Not agreeing, however, with his idea of atonement, I said, “Why, my good friend, the penance by which you make reparation seems to be a very agreeable one. To revisit the haunts you once loved must be a pleasing undertaking.”

“Not so—not so,” said he, shaking his grey head; “you are young—I am old: we do not consider these things in the same manner. There is not a blighted bush by the way-side but tells me some old friend is gone. When I see a dwelling, in which I have once been merry, now covered with ivy and in ruin, does not my heart beat, and say the tenants of it are laid

low? Alas! I have loved too, and, I believe, broke the heart of an angel by my unjust suspicion of her fidelity, and hasty abandonment of her but too faithful affection! Are not these thorns sharp enough for the feelings of an old man? I have carried away grief from my home as a companion, and we are both returning now to sink to the grave together in a little time—pray heaven in a little time!” said he, fervently pressing his withered hands together.

“What service have you seen?” said I, wishing to give his agitated thoughts another inclination.

“Oh, a great deal by sea and land,” replied he; “from north to south, from east to west. I have visited every corner of the globe, and was for years with a leader whom I would follow anywhere—the brave Nelson!”

Methought these words, uttered by an old seaman who had been, as I may say, a comrade in danger, spoke more of the hero's praise than all the cold testimonies of marble monuments sculptured by hands that cared not for the features or the trophies they had imitated, but as the means of perpetuating their own fame.

I slipped a crown-piece into the hand of the old sailor, who received it unwillingly, but, at the same time, with a wild glance of gratitude from his pale blue eyes, that showed it was acceptable to his wants, if not to his pride. He was about to speak too, but I did not choose to listen to the poor fellow's thanks; so, shaking him kindly by the hand, I motioned to him by my head to be silent, and walked away. I thought, when I was a few yards from him, that I heard “God bless you!” The blessing is a pure one, and, although not passing rich, I would have given twenty times the price for it.

I soon lost sight of the sailor, and was again in the wilderness of my own thoughts. The old road soon descended again, and was met by the new line. At this juncture I stood for some moments in doubt by which path I should return. At last I determined to take the modern way, why, I know not; but I proceeded.—The reader shall know hereafter what was the result of my ramble. W.

THE MORTAL MUSE!:

A FRAGMENT.

Yes! there's a power in Woman's poesy
Which Man's can seldom own—a sweeter
charm—

A something more acquainted with the spell
That calls up fancies deep and delicate!
It has a friendship for all beauteous words,
The idioms of the heart, that Passion forms;
Weaving the little-noticed flowers of thought—
That bloom along the way-side of our life—
Into rare garlands of most gentle beauty!
It may be called the Moonlight of the Lyre!
For, if it reach not up the glorious heights,
The sunny grandeurs, of its brother-song,
It hath a holy lustre, pure and sad,
Which, like pale Dian, fills with pleasant grief,
And, strong in its weakness, moves the heart
like *Her*,

The fancy-dreamer who doth use it—Woman!

I'd have all tales of mournful love—nay,
more,

All chronicles that touch upon the heart,
Writ by her delicate fingers, for she weeps
Over its history! • • • • • W.

† According to an epigram of Antipater, Earth has had its nine Muses as well as Heaven! Their names, as stated by him, were “Praxilla, Miro, Anyte, Sappho, Erice, Telesilla, Corinna, Naxos, and Myrtis.”

ASCENT OF THE ELBOROUSS.

THIS mountain, which has been considered the highest of the Caucasian chain, and which exceeds Mont Blanc in height by 1000 feet, was visited, in the summer of 1829, by a scientific expedition from Goriatchevodsk. Under favour of a fine clear day, the adventurers began their ascent on the 9th of July, having furnished themselves with whatever might appear necessary for the difficulty of their undertaking, as poles, cords, &c. They were attended by an escort of Circassians, and such cossacks as volunteered their services. Leaving their encampment at the foot of the mountain about nine o'clock in the morning, they towards evening had gained the first region of snow, and there halted for the night, having reached an elevation of about eight verstes. On the next day, the 10th, they renewed their march at three o'clock in the morning. The frost was much in their favour, and they advanced rapidly, but their march became gradually more painful from the snow, which began to give way, rendering their footing difficult and insecure, obliging them to make frequent halts, and to divide themselves into small parties. Those who remained in the encampment observed, with the greatest curiosity, the slow progress of the travellers; by nine in the morning they had scaled one half of the mountain, and rested behind some rocks which concealed them from the view of those below. After an hour's delay, one single individual appeared beyond the rocks, advancing with a firm and steady pace towards the top of the Elborouss. The watching for his being followed by the other travellers was in vain, not one appeared; on the contrary, several had begun to re-descend. All eyes were turned to him who should accomplish so hardly an undertaking. He advanced with boldness, resting every five or six steps, and having nearly gained the top, disappeared amongst the rocks. The spectators long waited his re-appearance with feelings of anxiety and impatience. About eleven o'clock he was seen on the very top of the Elborouss. A salvo of musketry, music, and other demonstrations of joy immediately echoed through the mountain. It was not till the evening that it was known who it was that had thus been the first of mortal race to place foot on the summit of the highest mountain of the Caucasus, and which had been hitherto considered inaccessible. On the return of the travellers, it was found, that he who had so boldly proved the possibility of such a feat, was an old shepherd, a Kabardian, named Killar, who was both ill-made and lame, and he received the reward proposed by the leader of the expedition—viz. 400 roubles, and five archines of cloth. At the foot of the Elborouss were observed many beautiful falls of the rivers of that mountain, the finest of which was that of the river Malka. This has a fall of 140 English feet, perpendicularly, and instead of appearing a continuous stream of water, is only seen as a succession of waves or separate masses, which are precipitated in rapid succession, and with tremendous noise. The total elevation of the Elborouss above the level of the Atlantic Ocean, is 16,800 feet, or according to another statement, 16,300.

THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER.

[The following translation of the “Erl-king's Daughter,” from the Danish, or rather the original, is offered as a companion to the version of the “Erl-king,” inserted a few weeks ago in *The Athenæum*. It seems to have been as closely copied by Goethe, that it is probable he has somewhere acknowledged his obligation to the Danish poet.]

Sir Oluf is riding far and late
To summon the guests to his wedding fête.
The elves are dancing in mystic band,
And the Erl-king's daughter extends her hand:

"Right welcome, Sir Oluf; why hence dost thou flee?

Stand forth in the 'ringlet' and dance with me."

"I dare not dance, and I must not stay—
To-morrow is my wedding-day."

"Now hear me, Sir Oluf, and dance with me;
Two golden spurs will I give to thee;

And a silken mantle, snow-white and fine,
Which my mother is bleaching in pale moon-shine."

"I dare not dance, and I must not stay;
To-morrow is my wedding-day."

"Now hear me, Sir Oluf, and dance with me,
And a heap of gold will I give to thee."

"A heap of gold would be welcome to me;
But I dare not, and will not, dance with thee."

"Refuse not, Sir Oluf, to dance with me,
Or sickness shall hover o'er thine and thee."

She smote Sir Oluf upon his heart:
He never had felt so keen a smart!

She lifted him gasping upon his steed,
And home through the night-wind he rode with speed.

And when he came to the castle gate,
His anxious mother in terror sat:—

"Tell me, my son," she cried with fright,
"Why is thy cheek so ghastly white?"

"Ah! marvel not that my cheek is white:
I met the Erl-king's daughter this night."

"Tell me, my son—my joy, my pride—
What shall I say to thy blooming bride?"

"Say that I wander in yon dark grove,
My hounds and my trusty steed to prove."

The glimmering stars are on the wane,
And the bride arrives with the wedding train.

"They bring sweet viands and sparkling wine;
But where is the bridegroom, for whom I pine?"

"Sir Oluf wanders in yon dark grove,
His hounds and his trusty steed to prove."

The bride uplifted a mantle of red,
And beneath it Sir Oluf lay cold and dead!

D. H. L.

TRANSMISSION OF SOUND.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

At the conversazione on Friday the 5th inst., Mr. Faraday gave a most able lecture on the transmission of sound through solid conductors, and the power of such substances to render audible the sound they conduct, under certain circumstances, to a great distance. Though this subject does not absolutely require that the fundamental theory of sound be fully developed, yet it may be acceptable to many of our readers, if we briefly notice the leading principles on which sound, and more particularly musical sound, depends for its existence. In so doing, we shall follow Mr. Faraday as far as our memory will enable us; and when we occasionally depart from the mode of illustration adopted by that gentleman, or adduce new instances of the facts he alluded to, we shall use our best endeavours that the perspicuity of his manner may not desert us in our wanderings.

The cause of sound, in general circumstances, is the succession of impulses communicated to the air by any means which can produce such effect. Thus, when a cannon is fired, the great expansion of the flame momentarily produced, gives a violent impulse in all directions to the surrounding air; this impulse affects, in succession, the adjoining portions of air, and the sound thus extends to a great distance from its original source, becoming gradually more and more faint, because the volume of air to be put in motion

is at every step more extended; the energy of the original impulse is, as it were, diluted, until by increased distance the sound is no longer sensible to our organs.

Sounds are very varied both in quality and intensity; and among those which amount to mere noises, we distinguish loud and soft, sharp and obtuse sounds. A loud sound can never be produced unless a very considerable impulse be given to a large portion of air; and on the rapidity with which this impulse is given, depends its sharpness; but a sound of inferior intensity may be extremely sharp, though not powerful, if it proceed from a rapid, and not very extensive impulse: the same difference exists between grave and acute noises, as in sounds strictly musical.

When a series of impulses, in moderately-quick succession, is given to the air, the strokes are distinguishable as mere repetitions of a certain noise; but when they succeed each other with great rapidity, they become blended, either into a musical sound, or a more or less discordant, squeaking, grating, or rumbling noise. The difference depends on the following circumstances:—If the impulses succeed each other with extreme regularity and uniformity of strength, the effect is a musical tone, of more or less beauty, according to the smoothness of the impulses; but if the succession is not in regular order, the sound produced loses its musical quality in proportion to the irregularity, and ultimately degenerates into a mere noise.

The sharpness of the tone depends on the rapidity with which these impulses are repeated; the gravity, on the slowness;—but it may here be remarked, that beyond a certain limit, either grave or acute, no sound can be produced, properly speaking, musical; and it is found that the whole range of sounds available for the purpose of music, is within the limit of seven octaves. Having explained, we hope intelligibly, the cause of musical sounds, it next devolves on us to state the manner in which they are produced by instruments; and this leads us to the following classification:—In the first class, we comprise those which give impulses to the air directly, by the vibration of a sonorous body; such as bells, cymbals, and some other military instruments;—secondly, instruments which give impulses to the air by some contrivance effecting its own motion, and at the same time produce the vibration of a sonorous body—this class comprises wind instruments of all kinds;—and, thirdly, those which produce sound by the vibration of an elastic surface receiving impulse from some sonorous body put in motion near it; and this class comprises stringed instruments in general, where the mere string, unless strained upon some body capable of easy vibration, would yield little or no tone. When a bell is struck, a rapid vibration takes place on its whole surface, which, producing corresponding impulses on the air, is alone sufficient to cause the sound to be heard. In wind instruments, though the vibration of the air itself, caused in some by the reed, in others simply by the form of the part through which the air enters, is the principal agent in producing sound; yet the wood or metal composing the tube also contributes, by its vibration, to the tone, and by its dimensions to the grave or acute quality of the note. The power of stringed instruments depending entirely on the surface of the frame, we shall consider in what manner the sound is continued, or conducted to such secondary vibrating surface. It was formerly thought that air was the only medium capable of conducting sound, and until the time of Dr. Hook, no philosopher appears to have conceived that solid matters had that power; but when it is considered that any impulse, such as the blow of a hammer, at one end of a firm elastic body, is communicated with great rapidity to the other end, where it may be

distinctly felt, it seems strange that the similar effect of sound should have escaped the notice of scientific persons. It is now ascertained that solid substances possess this power in a very high degree, and that sound is transmitted through them precisely in the time that any impulse would pass from one end to the other of such substances—the time of transmission depending on their specific elasticity. We are aware that, in common speech, such effect may be said to be instantaneous, like the motion of light, which is never considered but in astronomical observations. The fact, however, is, that the parts, even of substances the most solid and elastic, are put in motion in succession, when violently impelled at one extremity, and the succession, however rapid, must in reality take place. While sound thus passes through air at the rate of 1142 feet per second, it has been found to be transmitted through different solids with the following velocities:—

	Feet per second.
Tin.....	7,800
Silver.....	9,300
Copper.....	12,500
Glass and iron.....	17,500
Wood.....	11,000 to 18,000
Tobacco-pipe.....	10,000 to 12,000

The latter substance was chosen for experiment, from an idea that it possessed some remarkable properties. A curious calculation analogous to this subject was made by the late Dr. Herschell, who observed that if an iron bar, extending from the earth to the sun, were pushed violently at one end, it would require a great length of time before the sensation would reach the opposite extremity. This may be said to be theoretically true; but it can never be supposed, nor did the Doctor intend it should be thought, that an impulse could ever really extend through such an enormous length of space as that which formed the subject of his calculation; even granting that such extension were within our power. An experiment was made in France some years ago, by uniting iron pipes, similar to those used for conveying water, so as to form a continued line of 951 metres, about 3100 English feet in length. One end was struck, and the precise time the stroke was heard at the other end very carefully noted, and it was found that the sound required a quarter of a second to pass through that length of iron, agreeing with the calculation before exhibited, as nearly as the difficulty of such an experiment will permit. If a string be strained upon an iron bar, and struck when the bar is held in the hand, the tone is scarcely heard, because the bar, though it receives the vibration from the string, does not present sufficient vibrating surface to render so feeble a sound audible at a distance. Neither is the tone of a steel tuning-fork heard, unless in contact with some large surface; but when either the iron bar or the tuning-fork are laid upon a hollow box, a table, or, more particularly, on some musical instrument, such as a guitar, the sound is distinctly heard through a large room. It is upon this principle that the part called a sounding-board is adapted to many instruments. Some are so contrived that the whole body of them, being composed of thin wood, vibrates when the strings are struck: of this sort are fiddles, basses, guitars, harps, lutes, &c. In the pianoforte, the principal effect is produced by the thin board under the strings, called the sounding-board; while in the organ much contrivance is unnecessary, because, as we have before hinted, every pipe vibrates of itself, thus producing an extent of vibrating surface not attainable in any other instrument. A tuning-fork, struck, and put on a thin board, produces a loud sound; but if applied to the end of the board, little or no sound is heard. The steel springs of a musical snuff-box yield very little tone, unless the box be laid on a table, or some plane capable of vibrating.

It is a matter of some importance in stringed instruments, that the string be struck, or pulled, in a direction perpendicular to the body of the instrument, for the tone is much fuller than when the string is pulled in an oblique direction, or parallel to the surface. But this cannot be effected in many instruments, which is the case with the violin; in that instrument, however, the compound form of all its parts presents portions of surface in every possible plane. The sound is thus conducted in these instruments from the front to the back, and that as well as the sides vibrating, offer a very large surface to the air. The contrivance called the sound-post in a violin, leading the vibration directly from the front to the back of the instrument, greatly conduces to this effect. A very ingenious instrument, called the Microphone, has been invented, to observe the precise vibration in different parts of a surface: this consists of a thick wire, bent to an angle at bottom, which touches the surface, the ends being furnished with broad faces of leather, which are applied to the ears. In this way the least sound imaginable is made audible. A similar advantage has been taken of the conducting power of wood in the instrument lately made to ascertain the existence and seat of disorders in the chest, by the sound communicated to a cylindrical ruler, one end of which is applied to the part supposed to be affected.

If a thin rod of wood or metal be placed with one end bearing against the top of a guitar, or other stringed instrument, and if to the other end an impulse be communicated, the sound is heard as if proceeding from the guitar itself; and this takes place without any apparent diminution of intensity, even if the rod be of great length. The vibration conducted by the rod acting on the guitar, produces the same vibration in it which the rod receives at the other end, and a considerable vibrating surface being then put in action, the sound, though weak, is rendered sensible. Mr. Faraday had prepared a deal rod about forty feet long, and the experiment was perfectly satisfactory. It is important that the rod be insulated, or at least supported, where necessary, by substances which are bad conductors of sound, and it has been found that Indian-rubber is, of all others, the best suited for this purpose: perhaps the observation holds good with regard to many other soft elastic substances, but it must be admitted that sound is continued in some circumstances which do not at first sight seem very favourable for its transmission. For instance, this property is well known to exist in a high degree in the earth, a body neither very compact nor very elastic. The motion of carriages in the streets shakes not only the ground, but also the walls of the houses as they pass, and the movements of cavalry may be heard at a great distance by applying the ear to the ground. A contrivance has been resorted to for the same end, by placing a drum on the ground, with some dice, or other light bodies on the head. The approach of horse is indicated by the movement of the dice, the drum reciprocating the vibration it receives from the earth. So also in military mining, the existence of a counter-mine is sometimes found by the sound being conducted through the earth. Miners have likewise recourse to the drum; and it is a curious fact, that by strewing sand on the head of it, the nodal lines assumed by the sand, give some useful indications of the direction of the counter-mine. Mr. Faraday gave a variety of interesting illustrations to prove this conducting power in solid bodies. A pianoforte being placed in the room below, a slender deal rod, resting on the sounding board, passed through a small hole in the ceiling, and rose about three feet high above the floor of the lecture-room. When the instrument was played without any addition to the top of the rod, the

sound was scarcely to be perceived, and would not have been heard at all but for an aperture left unintentionally in the floor by the side of the rod. When, however, the top of the rod was pressed against the inner surface of the sounding-board of a harp, the sound became almost as loud as if the piano-forte had been played in some part of the lecture room, and the same effect followed in a still greater degree when a harp-lute was laid flat on the top of the rod. The conducting power of an iron wire was next exhibited, by conveying the sound of the small instrument called an coline, in a similar manner, from the room below. Sound may thus be conveyed through a series of rooms, and rendered audible only in the last, if required; because the intermediate portions of the conductors not vibrating much laterally, and exposing but little surface to the air, are incapable of producing a sensible sound, while the end applied to an extended elastic surface, as we have already shown, produces the desired effect; but it is to be observed, that with wind instruments there is not the same facility of conducting their sound to a distance, because the vibration of the tube itself, though it appears to regulate the velocity with which the air vibrates, is not the principal cause of sound.

Mr. Faraday concluded his lecture by advertising the possibility of conversing at a distance by means of sound, and thus to supply the place of telegraphic signals by oral communications. How far this is possible for any useful purpose, we cannot venture to surmise, but the matter certainly deserves consideration.

Before we quit this subject, it may be well to notice the difference between vibration, properly so called, and reverberation, or the echoing of sound, though the former term is often very improperly applied to express the latter: for instance, when speaking of a building which, from its construction, repeats the sound of the voice, or of instruments, so as to produce a degree of confusion, it is commonly said that the vibration is strong, whereas in reality the rooms in which that effect is strongest, are formed of materials best adapted, it is true, for the reflection of sound, but not at all calculated for vibration;—large vaulted buildings of stone or brick, with smooth walls, and extensive excavations in rocks, when the work is wrought tolerably smooth, have, for the most part the power of continuing sound by reverberation in the greatest degree, while in buildings of slight construction, however large, the effect is scarcely observable.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

THE evening meeting of Monday last was well attended, and many visitors were present; amongst the more distinguished of whom were the Duke of Somerset, the Bishops of London and Bristol, and Davies Gilbert, Esq. Pres. Roy. Soc. At the usual hour the President of the College, Sir Henry Hallford, requested the attention of the meeting to a paper which was read by the registrar, "On the character and effects of the fever at Gibraltar of the autumn of 1828," by Dr. Barry. This fever had proved extremely rapid in its course, and destructive in its effects, the number of deaths being of great proportionate amount. It did not appear to have been of spontaneous origin, for though there were some who were disposed to attribute it to the occurrence of miasmata from the drains, &c., it was remarkable, that the fever raged with most violence in those quarters which were free from such miasmata, and could only be traced to the effects of the immediate contagion with the persons or clothes, &c. of those who had been infected. The writer of the paper was of opinion that it had been communicated by some vessels which had arrived at Gibraltar from South America, the first notice of its occur-

rence having been in some children who had gone on board for a short time, and who soon after were attacked with it. Of those who recovered none were known to experience a second attack, however much exposed to its influence; and such persons served as a powerful medium of isolating the infected, and thus preventing its further dissemination.

Another paper, descriptive of the "Siamese Youths," by Mr. Herbert Mayo, was also read, and the youths were afterwards introduced; they evinced much intelligence, speaking English with considerable readiness; and, on being asked what they thought of so large an assemblage of medical men, replying with a smile, "Doctors all men—all die some time."

On the table was a wax model of the human brain, with the origin of the nerves, &c., made by Mr. Tuson, and presented to the college by Mr. Mayo;—also two curious specimens of lime deposit; the one in a portion of lung, the other in liver, both being in appearance of a bony hardness.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Thursday evening.

The President, Mr. Davies Gilbert, M.P. in the chair.

The Cavalier Aldini, whose fire-proof dresses have been often referred to of late, exhibited on the Library table an ingenious, but exceedingly simple model of an hydraulic machine, the object of which is to obviate the necessity of making the light-house lamps revolve. It was the subject of a good deal of animated conversation among the Fellows and visitors present; objections were of course mooted, but all were ready to admit the ingenuity of the inventor, and the simplicity of the plan. We know too well the difficulty of making such things understood by description, to attempt it here; and can only hope that the amiable old man will not be allowed to leave our shores without receiving that degree of attention and patronage which talent like his has a right to claim.

A paper was read on the polarization of light. Mr. Stanley, surgeon of St. Bartholomew's, and Mr. Lloyd, were ballotted for and elected.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Thursday.

THE attention of the Society was chiefly occupied by the reading of a paper of Mr. Crofton Croker's, descriptive of druidical remains at Knochadoon and its vicinity, in the county of Limerick. The account of these vestiges was illustrated by a series of very interesting sketches.

FINE ARTS.

PORTRAIT IN MOSAIC OF HIS MAJESTY.

A Mosaic work, of modern manufacture, of the dimensions of the copy now exhibiting in Bond Street, of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the King, is a sight so novel in this country, that we cannot think our readers will greatly blame us, if, to our notice of the Signor Moglia's splendid work, we prefix a short account of the art itself, and of the modes of executing it which have prevailed at different periods.

The manufacture of Mosaic work by the use of such natural stones as are to be found of moderate hardness, was carried on by the ancient Romans to a great extent, and with different degrees of attention. The remains now extant in Italy, presents us with this kind of work in great variety, from the common black and white pavements at Pompeii, to the superb Mosaic picture, called the Alexandrian pavement, now in the Palazzo Barberini, at Palestrina. Those various specimens are all formed by cutting divers kinds of marble, and perhaps some other stones, into pieces from a quarter to half

an inch square, and of about the same depth, and bedding them in strong mortar; after which the work was ground to a smooth face. In the best works of the ancients, the colours are neither so good nor so much diversified as to induce a supposition that any factitious substance was used in their formation. The white ground of their common pavements consists of a compact very hard lime-stone which from its opacity and want of crystalline lustre can scarcely be called marble.

A second species of Mosaic is that employed in the decoration and gilding of the Church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, and of many churches in Sicily, and of St. Mark's, at Venice. It is formed by morsels of white transparent glass of more than a quarter of an inch square, gilt on one face by some process requiring heat. There are also pieces of opaque-coloured glass in this work, but not of great variety or beauty. As the gilding is on the face of the glass, it must of course be left rough; a circumstance which has no important effect in the walls and domes of large buildings. This kind of work was subsequently carried to great perfection in the magnificent dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, which is entirely set with Mosaic. The gilding, however, is managed in a way somewhat different, for the substance of the pieces composing the work is opaque white earthenware, gilt, the gold being covered with a vitreous glazing, about one-fiftieth of an inch thick, which renders it extremely durable. The coloured compositions used in this dome are very beautiful.

The decoration of St. Peter's caused Mosaic work to be brought to the greatest degree of perfection, by the encouragement it afforded to the chemists of that period. By their labours the composition of opaque pastes of every possible tint was effected; and of their use, we have brilliant and celebrated examples in the superb copies of Raffaele's "Transfiguration," and the other Mosaic pictures that adorn the Vatican Temple.

As pictures are still copied in Mosaic with equal success at Rome, it may not be deemed amiss if we describe the process as carried on in the manufactory of the Vatican at the present day. The coloured composition is cast in round pieces of five inches diameter, and about two thick, but whether each tint is made in larger quantities, the persons engaged in the operation are unwilling to tell. These pieces are kept in a large warehouse, carefully arranged as to gradation of colour, which is varied with extreme nicety. A flat surface of plate-copper turned up at the edges, is first provided as a back to the picture, and, if large, is properly supported with a wooden frame. The composition is first broken and cut into pieces of cubical and sometimes of other forms, with emery, on a lapidary's wheel. The bits are then fixed in their proper places in the frame, with a mixture of calcareous stone and linseed oil, by way of mortar. When the picture is finished, and has remained a sufficient time for the cement to harden, the face of it is ground perfectly flat by the common process of smoothing stones. The operation of composing the Mosaic picture, is commenced at the bottom of it, and the tint of each bit is carefully selected by holding specimens against the corresponding portion of the original picture, which is placed in a convenient position for the artist, the same as in weaving, or rather working, tapestry. The dimension of the pieces depends on the size of the work. In large pictures they are full half an inch square; while in tables and the smallest works executed in this manner, one-eighth of an inch, or even less, is the largest size that can be admitted, without the certainty of giving an unfinished appearance.

The commonly-known smaller work in Mosaic, such as compartments for necklaces, tops of snuff-boxes, &c. are differently executed. The

coloured composition for these is drawn out into sticks from one-thirtieth to one-eightieth of an inch in diameter, and sent in bundles of nearly a foot long, from Venice, where they are made, to Rome, where the Mosaic is principally manufactured. The pieces are chosen, and little bits are broken off and fixed in their places by a composition of gum-mastic, rosin, and powdered marble, employed hot. The subsequent work of grinding down to a smooth surface is easily imagined.

Besides these methods, which constitute the best kind of Mosaic, there is another practised at Florence, by inlaying bits of precious stones (*pietre dure*), so as to produce an indifferent resemblance of natural objects. The stones used in this work consist of agates, jaspers, cornelians, lapis lazuli, &c.; they are not cut into little bits, as in the other Mosaic, but are let into a stone ground in large pieces, one piece frequently forming the entire wing of a butterfly, or the leaf of a plant. This work is used in the decoration of the walls of a chapel at Florence, and is used in a variety of expensive tables and smaller objects, some few of which are to be seen in this country. In their appearance natural representation can hardly be expected; and were it not that the difficulty and costliness of the means offer some apology for the imperfect result, we should scarcely be disposed to allow any merit to such productions.

Very little Mosaic work has been executed in this country. Some years ago an Italian artist attempted to establish himself in London, but whether he met with the encouragement his works merited, or not, we cannot state.

The work executed by Signor Moglia, and now exhibiting in Bond-street, is formed in a manner nearly similar to that in which the Mosaics of the Vatican have been manufactured, with the exception however, that, where marbles or stones of proper hue have been procurable, small squares of those substances have been used instead of composition. It is a mixture therefore of stones and composition. Although a work of infinite labour, it is very superbly executed, and the fidelity with which all the liveliness of the colouring of the late President has been preserved, is truly astonishing. At a distance, the portrait has every appearance of a brilliant painting in oil colours; and it is only on approaching it closely, that the nature of the manufacture is to be discerned. The blending of the colours is the most remarkable, and not the least successful part of the performance. It is hardly necessary to add, that the principal advantage of Mosaic work is its duration, and the means it affords of perpetuating likenesses of historical personages, or esteemed works of art.

Several specimens of very delicately-executed Mosaics for ornaments, such as snuff-boxes, &c. are on show in the same room with the portrait of His Majesty. But with these smaller examples we have been long familiar;—such a work as the copy of a painting of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the size of the original, as far as it goes,—it is only a half-length,—has never before, we believe, reached this country.

EXHIBITION OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE'S PAINTINGS.

We learn from good authority, that arrangements are making for presenting the public with a general exhibition of all the celebrated productions of Sir Thomas Lawrence. The collection will be made from the galleries of His Majesty, and of the Nobility and Gentry possessors of portraits painted by him, and will form the second annual exhibition at the British Gallery, in lieu of the usual show of ancient masters. While we rejoice at this promise of an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the works of our late eminent President, of which

several are probably entirely unknown to the public, and many others known to them only through engravings, it is impossible not to regret that a season is to be passed over without an exhibition of ancient masters.

MR. HAYDON'S EUCLIDES.

MR. HAYDON certainly is not one of those fortunate artists, whose lot it is to be appreciated beyond his merits. He is not one of those for whom this great world willingly shrinks itself into a nut-shell, to allow of his bestriding it with tiny legs. It is doubly hard on him therefore, that those who profess and think themselves his admirers, should tax his productions with faults of which they are perfectly innocent, and which exist nowhere but in the imagination of his critic; yet this injustice we have ourselves been guilty of; for, on revisiting the exhibition, we find that the impression of the composition of the picture of Euclides under which we penned our notice of that performance was incorrect, in so far as it led us to speak of the principal figure as having one foot on an upper, and the other on a lower step.

The sinking Euclides has, in fact, both feet on the ground. How far this fact affects our general or particular observations on the picture of Mr. Haydon, we shall not take this opportunity of inquiring. It is but justice to him to allow him the full benefit of our blunder,—the avowal of which we trust will convince him and our readers that our misrepresentation could have proceeded from no malicious motive.

New painting by Mr. Etty.—Report speaks very highly of a painting now preparing by Mr. Etty, for the Exhibition at Somerset House; it is executed as a companion to the Judith and Holofernes, exhibited two or three years since, and represents the Jewish Heroine coming out from the tent with the head of her victim.

Views Illustrative of Pugin's Examples of Gothic Architecture. Part I. Imp. 4th.

UNDER the title given above, Mr. Pugin, to whom the public at large, but artists and amateurs of gothic architecture and of fine and accurate drawing more particularly, are already indebted for so many very valuable publications, has just produced the first number of what promises to be a very beautiful work. It is of a picturesque character, and consists of views illustrative, as the title sufficiently explains, of the well known and esteemed work, entitled "Examples of Gothic Architecture." The number now before us contains ten plates, and presents views from various points of Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk, Wolterton Manor House, East Barsham, in the same county, Eltham Palace, and the Episcopal Palace at Croydon.

Besides that the work is sent forth under the sanction of Mr. Pugin, and with his name affixed, the spirit, taste, and style with which it is executed sufficiently bespeak his superintendence. The views, however, are professedly from the pencil of his élève, Mr. Joseph Nash, a worthy pupil, we may say, of a most worthy master. It is difficult indeed, to pronounce, whether the more credit be due to the scholar or the instructor—to the former for his careful tuition and judicious manner of imparting his own knowledge and skill, and to the latter for the diligence, readiness, and talent with which he has profited by the lessons of his teacher. It is an advantage to Mr. Nash's reputation, no less than to the perfection of the work, that he has himself made the drawings on stone; and we cordially congratulate him on the skill and artist-like feeling with which he has performed this part of his task. The views, moreover, are all highly pictorial, and it is but justice to Mr. Nash to say, that he appears to shine as a painter even more than as an archi-

tectural draughtsman. We proceed to particularize those plates which have most attracted our attention. The frontispiece, which presents a view of the Archbishop's Palace at Croydon, is charming; in it the artist has shown that he has felt the beauty of the style of Bonington, and, in attempting the effective manner of that accomplished artist, he has proved himself by no means the least successful of his emulators. The Front, towards the court, Oxburgh Hall, is a production quite perfect; the tone and keeping are admirable.

The south-west view of the Manor House, East Barsham, has more pretension perhaps than the other plates. The architectural ruins indeed are most picturesque; and are superbly executed, but the light and shadow are not altogether so judiciously distributed as might be desired.

The Hall at Eltham, south-east view, is a clever plate, and is remarkable for the very happy and natural manner in which a squall of wind and drifting rain are expressed.

The view of the Hall, &c. Croydon Palace, equals, in pleasing effects, the most masterly of the plates we have already noticed; and, as to the restoration of the interior, whether regard be had to the subject, the composition, or the treatment, too much cannot be said in its praise.

Figures abound in most of the plates;—wherever they appear they are introduced effectively, and executed with great nicety and skill, and with attention, besides, to make the costumes appropriate to the age of the respective buildings.

This work of Mr. Pugin's can hardly fail to become popular. It is not only to the architect and antiquary that it will be acceptable; it is a publication especially calculated to please the numerous class of amateurs, who, with a nationality, tempered by a refined taste, admire the truly picturesque architecture of the good old times.

THE THEATRES.

KING'S THEATRE.

A NEW Ballet, founded upon the story of William Tell, and containing the chief music of Rossini's Opera of that name, has been produced since our last number. The story itself is not managed in so dramatic a manner as we have been accustomed to find it in the endless compositions inspired by it, on our own stage; and as for the music, we have not yet discovered what there is in it to have excited so furiously the rapture of the Parisians, or to lead us to any hope that the better days of the composer are not past. Many portions of the original Opera are already familiar to us. The Overture has been much admired, as an elaborate specimen of imitative music. The air *Tyrolienne* is popular in all countries, and will outlive many of the more learned and skilful pieces in the same play. The Choruses, generally, are effective; but throughout all may be traced a dullness of invention—an absence of the freedom and impulse that carried Rossini so buoyantly onwards in his earlier days, before he conformed to models and rules, for which his talent had no sympathy. It does not prove, though it argues, a decline or diminution of power, when we can observe the influence of a foreign style exercised over its own characteristics;—some might term it a pliancy of genius; but we suspect that, in the present case, it arises from a want of independence in thought, which is almost as bad as absolute sterility. But after all, there is so much eccentricity in the character of Rossini, that we may be led into very wrong conclusions, if out of due time we attempt to assign a cause for what he does, whether it be indolence, policy, caprice, or necessity; and we too well know the hardness of our English ear, to be satisfied with its verdict upon any music *nisi decies repetita*.

The dresses of the Ballet are very showy and rich; the dances generally new and picturesque; the assemblage of people on the stage not monotonous, though almost always numerous;—in short, there are the chief constituents of a good Ballet, yet its success is by no means triumphant. It moves heavily; there are long pauses when nobody need be out of breath, and not a soul seems anxious for the catastrophe. Some of the scenery is ridiculously ill contrived. The last scene, indeed, is one of the most incomprehensible things—except that enigma of Tom's father and Dick's son—that ever gave us a headache. A boat is brought to shore, and is supposed to be in violent agitation from the motion of the surge, inasmuch that, after one of its passengers has disembarked, it rebounds from the land with the other unfortunates, and, after much splashing and tumbling about, is fairly foundered. (Pity that the Swiss attachment to ancestral habits prevented the builder from listening, as he should have done, to Mr. Watson's advice concerning safety-tubes, as recorded by us only last week!) Now, then, imagine this done without the intervention of a single surge, wave, or billow!—fancy a great clumsy thing called a boat, attempting to look as if it were thrown from the shore by a reflux of the water, and then so violently tossed about as to lose its equilibrium and sink,—though to the naked eye nothing is more complacent than the side-scene—no pleasure lawn more smooth than the middle distance—and the difficulty, too, of representing the approach of sea-sickness, and of keeping the bodily motions of the gentlemen on board in harmony with the undulations of the vessel!—altogether, we assure the reader, it is an experiment on the part of the mechanist, the boldness of which deserved a better fate.—“The mists rise and discover the lake studded with boats.” The mists!—we never heard it called by that name before. But the ballet-master is not answerable for the poverty of scenic resources on this stage; his own duty is enough for him to attend to; and as far as the particular dances in succession go, and the grouping of the dancers, we think he has sufficiently acquitted himself. In other respects he has failed. There is no energy—no busy movement stirring, and continuing, and increasing to the end. The action is sustained, but not with much life in it. It resembles a parlour plant of a good citizen's wife, with a fat apoplectic leaf here and there upon it, propped up by a bit of whalebone, and very sick, except where a few sprouts intersperse it with youth and verdure, in spite of London.—

Now a word for the “Barbieri.”

This Opera was performed on Tuesday night, and most admirably. It was a perfect contrast to the ballet that succeeded it, in its extreme gaiety and animation, from alpha to omega. The music and actors were alike inspired. Madlle. Blais was encored in “Una voce;” Signor Santini was encored in the famous “Largo al factotum;” the same honour also was paid to “Zitti, zitti;” in short there was a perpetual attraction to every one but the gentlemen of our persuasion, who are nothing if not critical. Santini's vivacity is his own, not the prompter's. He has a constitutional gaiety that makes him *Figaro* at once; and as we do not wish for much refinement of manner in such a character, he has no difficulty to contend with in personating it to the life. His performance alone would have rendered the Opera sufficiently attractive to us, but his excellence did not stand alone—at least, on Tuesday last.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THE daily papers in forestalling us on the subject of Mr. Kean's failure in the part of *Henry V.*, have relieved us from the performance of a painful duty. We rejoice to have an excuse for abstaining from chronicling the infirmities of

genius, and content ourselves with expressing our regret, at the sad certainty, as we fear it must now be deemed, that the effects of the frequent indispositions of this popular actor have extended to some of those mental faculties, (we allude to that of memory more especially,) the possession of which in their full perfection, is so essential to the practice of his profession. We have long remarked the increasing feebleness of Mr. Kean, but had flattered ourselves—in vain, it now seems—that it was confined to his physical powers, and that the affection was but temporary. We still trust that the latter may be the case.

FRENCH PLAYS—HAYMARKET.

THE entertainments of the past week at the above theatre have been exceedingly meagre; and when we consider the very fashionable and distinguished individuals who honour the performances with their patronage, we are rather surprised that so indifferent a compliment should be paid to their taste by so injudicious a selection. The first piece on Monday night, “*France et Savoie*,” is a compound of French sentimentality, very nearly approaching to absurdity, and certainly not at all adapted to a London audience. The excellent acting of Laporte as *Prohibé*, a custom-house officer, somewhat enlivened the sad affair, but on the whole, it was as mawkish and prosy as such attempts at sentimentality usually are.

A Mlle. Florville made her *début*. She is a very pretty woman, but in point of talent she can only be classed among the *usfuls*.

“*Le Code et l'Amour*” was alone bearable by the acting of Potier, but it was altogether a dull performance. The farce of “*Les Anglaises pour rire*” closed the evening's entertainment, and excited hearty bursts of laughter.

ORATORIO AT COVENT GARDEN.

WE are sorry to observe that these performances are by no means improved, either as regards selection of subjects or in the talent of artists, since our last report. We thought the fine feeling of Mr. Hawes' had by this time been pretty well exhausted; but we find that, when resolved to let nothing interfere with the encouragement of rising talent, not even the sight of empty benches, or of slender proceeds, can at all daunt his patriotic intentions. We cannot, however, help lamenting that we are not favoured with a few more interesting specimens than those which he has been pleased to afford us; so that the Oratorios (if such they may be called) might be better worth the attention of the public, or that Mr. Hawes would extend his benevolence so far as to reduce the prices of admission,—a sacrifice he could very well afford, considering the very limited remuneration paid to his *protégés*: in fact, while the present system is pursued, it would be advantageous to the performances, and but just to the public, who ought not to be expected to pay a high price for so moderate an entertainment. Miss Paton and Mr. Phillips were the only singers of repute engaged, and their exertions were very limited. Miss Paton executed a solo from Luther's Hymn, with great taste and propriety;—but in Rossini's air *Ah! Pitié!* her cadences were anything but judicious. Mr. Phillips sung a recitative and air, “*The Lord worketh wonders*,” which he executed but indifferently.

M. VICTOR HUGO'S TRAGEDY.

THE sensation created in Paris by the tragedy of M. Victor Hugo, “*Hernani*,” is to be ascribed, it would seem, rather to the interest taken in the feud between the classicists and the romanticists, and to the circumstance that it is the production of an author who is considered the head of one of the rival schools, than to the

really intrinsic merit of the performance itself. The Théâtre Français, it is true, fills, it is observed, in an almost unprecedented manner; and the amount of receipts for the first six nights of representation exceeded 24,286 francs. The managers, moreover, were induced by the extraordinary concourse on the first night, to depart from one of their established usages, and allowed the piece to be performed two nights successively. The audience, however, although numerous and brilliant, it is objected, was not brought together by mere admiration of the piece. "Certain verses," it is alleged, "excite scornful mirth in a large party, while they are applauded by a minority with enthusiasm, and even with fury." The strongest objection urged against M. Hugo is the absurdity of an engagement entered into by Hernani with his rival, Don Gomez. Although an elderly duke, and uncle to the heroine, Donna Sole de Silva, this Don Gomez Silva is a rival with Hernani, the hero, a bandit, and Don Carlos, afterwards the Emperor Charles V., in the affections of the same Donna Sole. The old Duke, in a fit of chivalrous honour, conceals and protects the bandit, who would rob him of his bride; but the danger past, he requires Hernani to contend with him in single combat. Hernani however refuses to give the old gentleman the desired satisfaction, showing him that it was better for both that he should live than die, in order that revenge might be taken on their mutual enemy, the royal suitor, the Infant Don Carlos; instead of fencing with Don Gomez, therefore, he gives him a horn, and swears by his father's memory, that whenever he hears the blast of that horn he will die by his own hand. The due season arrives: Don Gomez desires to be rid of his bandit rival—he blows the horn, and Hernani, faithful to his vow, swallows poison, and dies. The critic of a French Journal labours to show that there is something bordering on the ridiculous in this incident:—English readers, admirers as they be of their Shakspeare, the *capo scuola* of the romanticists, will probably think that he might have spared his pains.

Chinese Theatricals.—The passion of the Chinese for theatrical amusement is very general, and the provision for hiring a company of players at least once or twice a year, forms a regular parish rate on all householders. It is not meant to imply that it is legally so, but all who would exempt themselves from such tax, must be content to be ranked in the class of selfish niggards. A committee of management, chosen annually, and consisting of from 10 to 20 members, where the parish may be rated at from 4 to 500 householders, have the care of collecting the subscription, providing a good company of performers, and erecting a suitable stage.

A Visionary of Fifty Years ago.—In a life of Garrick, by Thomas Davies, the bookseller, who figures so frequently in Boswell's Johnson, published in 1780, the worthy man, speaking of several plans which had been proposed for the establishment of a theatrical fund, says, "Various plans have been formed; some of which perhaps might have been reduced to practice, others were nugatory or visionary. Mr. Pritchard, an honest, good-natured man, the husband of the great actress, had laid out a scheme to relieve infirm players; but little hopes could be expected from a projector who proposed to build a ship which could move on the water without either sails or wind!"

Baron Heurteloup's Lithotritic Operation.—We lately witnessed an operation performed by the Baron, in which, in the short space of six minutes, he destroyed a flat calculus of unusually large dimensions. The patient did not even wince under his hands, and it was pleasant to witness his joy, at passing from the pain of years into instan-

aneous ease, as it were, by miracle. The Baron's invention is of great importance to humanity. The circumstance of his having given demonstrations of his discovery at the principal London medical institutions, speaks highly for all parties. As to the instruments used in the operation, we are at a loss whether to admire more the theory which led to their discovery, or the adroit and elegant use of them in the hands of the skilful inventor.

Salaries of Actors in China.—In Canton there are about 30 companies of native players, besides about 10 of others from beyond the river, as people from the upper provinces are called. A company is generally composed of from 40 to 70 persons, and excepting about 10 or 12 who take the principal parts, the rest are paid at from 20 and 30 to 130 dollars per annum: those who enact the superior parts, in which are comprised female characters, deities and emperors, generals and ministers, buffoons and clowns—can earn from 300 to 1000 dollars per annum, besides their living, which is always at the cost of the manager. The usual price paid for the performance of a set of plays, such as occupy the greater part of a day, is from 60 to 70 dollars, and an engagement is, generally speaking, for 5, 6, or 7 days. There is a law which prohibits the continuance of any performance in Canton after 6 o'clock p. m. but in the suburbs it is not strictly enforced. Engagements for parties at private houses prove the most profitable service for the actor: here they perform during the long-protracted meal of dinner; and it is considered a proper compliment to the host, for the guest to send money to the stage. Though it is not *comme il faut* for ladies to appear openly at a play, yet when the performance is near any convenient apartments, they are allowed to view it from behind a bamboo screen, so contrived that they are not seen by the company. The Canton actors affect to carry on their dialogue in the Mandarin tongue, but it is so villanously spoken by them that few people of education find little pleasure in their performances; whilst with the lower orders they are great favourites. They chiefly excel in feats of tumbling.

Cheap Editions in France.—We are still far behind our neighbours in cheap editions. No work published in this country, at least has yet come to our knowledge, that can be compared for lowness of price with a new edition of Buffon, which we see praised in the French papers, for the clearness of its type, the beauty of its paper, and the high finish of its plates. It is in 18mo., and costs to subscribers 65 c., about 6½d. the volume. The entire works of Buffon will be comprised in fifty-five of these volumes, six of which have been published.

Idolatry in China.—The Emperor has commanded sacrifices to be offered, by special messengers from Court, at the tombs of ancient monarchs; to Confucius; to the north sea; to the long white mountain in Manchow Tartary; to mountains on the west, east, south, and centre of the empire; to the southern ocean (or China Sea) to the great rivers, &c. This idolatrous monarch calls Christianity a "depraved religion."

Humility of Pius VII.—While the amiable pontiff Pope Pius VII. remained in Paris after having officiated at the coronation of Napoleon, he visited, among other public institutions, the Imperial Printing Office; and it was on this occasion that the remarkable scene so often told to the honour of the Holy Father took place. An ill-bred young man kept his hat on in the presence of His Holiness, when some persons, indignant at such ill-timed rudeness, were going to make him take it off; but the Pope, whose attention was drawn by the tumult, being informed of the cause of it, approached

the young man, addressing him in a tone of kindness really patriarchal, said to him, "My son, take off your hat, that I may give you my blessing; the blessing of an old man has never brought evil on any one." And most of the persons present were deeply affected at this paternal allocation.—*Memoirs of Bourrienne.*

—Mr. Rothwell, it is rumoured, has been advised not to send any painting for exhibition this season. This counsel is disapproved and deemed injudicious by many persons who think highly of the talents of this young artist, who consider him sure of a high rank as a portrait-painter, and who think that his merit is such as would be appreciated at once by the public.

—Mr. Dalton, of Manchester, has been chosen a foreign member of the Royal Académie of Sciences at Paris, for the section of chemistry.

The Drama in Tartary.—The resident at Jehu, Sung-Tajin, has lately petitioned his Imperial Majesty against one Payn-Patour, who belongs to the Toomih-ith-chasa-kih, for having hired Chinese players to act in his house, and having seduced the Mung-koo young gentlemen to attend these private theatricals. This "vicious practice," as the emperor indignantly calls it, has extended far and near to other families, a circumstance which deserves the "most intense detestation." The offender abovenamed was forthwith ordered to have the official knob plucked from his cap, and to be subjected to trial and punishment according to law. By the law it is decreed, that all officers of government, as well as receive *poivewalrudus idunieh t* comedians into their house to represent emperors, empresses, sages, and gods, shall be punished with a hundred blows. The reason assigned for this law is, that the great personages just enumerated, among which gods are the last, are all deserving of awe and respect; but to represent them on the stage, by profligate comedians, is to bring them into contempt. The representation of gods, though put last, is esteemed the most criminal. To act such plays on temporary stages erected in the streets is a crime to be punished with one hundred cudgel blows, and the pillory for a month; and all Standard-banner-Tartars in office, who go to a play-garden, are subject to the punishment, and a subsequent court of inquiry.

The law, however, is sometimes winked at even in Tartary: for his Majesty, as well as the whole of the court and dependents, indeed persons of every rank—the black-haired people of China—all, without exception, are constantly in the habit of acting, and seeing acted, emperors, empresses, sages, and gods—even the Chinese Supreme God—on the stage, at home, and in the streets. And what is worse than representing gods; the Chinese stage often represents vice in its grossest forms: in this respect, it assimilates with that of Turkey.

Louis XV.—his jealousy of Literature.—Louis XV., king of France, was one of those sentimental egotists who believed he loved the whole world, his subjects, and his family; whilst in reality, the sole engrossing object was *self*. Gifted with many personal and intellectual endowments, which might have disputed the palm with the most lively and engaging personages of the court, he was yet devoured by ennui, and of this he was well aware, but his mind was made up to meet this ennui, as one of the necessary accompaniments of royalty. Devoid of taste in literary matters, he despised all connected with the belles lettres, and esteemed men only in proportion to the number and richness of their armorial bearings. M. de Voltaire ranked with

† We do not select this anecdote on account of its novelty. It may be familiar to most of our readers as it is to ourselves; but to many of them, as to us, it may be new to have the truth of the occurrence attested by the evidence of a person who was present when it took place.

him beneath the lowest country squire; and the very mention of a man of letters was terrifying to his imagination, from its disturbing the current of his own ideas; he revelled in the plenitude of power, yet felt dissatisfied with the mere title of king. He ardently desired to signalize himself as the first general of the age, and, prevented from obtaining this (in his opinion) highest of honours, entertained the utmost jealousy of Frederick II., and spoke with undisguised spleen and ill-humour of the exploits of his brother of Prussia. The habit of commanding, and the prompt obedience he had ever met with, had palmed upon his mind, and impressed him with feelings of indifference for all things which thus appeared so easily obtained: and this satiety and consequent listlessness, was by many construed into melancholy of disposition. He disliked any appearance of opposition to his will; not that he particularly resented the opposition itself, but he knew his own weakness, and feared lest he should be compelled to make show of a firmness he was conscious of not possessing. For the clergy he entertained the most superstitious veneration; and he feared God because he had a still greater awe and dread of the Devil. In the hands of his confessor he confidently believed was lodged absolute power to confer on him unlimited licence to commit any or every sin. He greatly dreaded pamphlets, satires, epigrams, and the opinion of posterity; and yet his conduct was that of a man who scoffs at the world's judgment.—*Mad. du Barri.*

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Mar. 6.—On Wednesday last, the election of Proctors for the ensuing year took place at the respective Colleges, determined by the Procuratorial Cycle, and the names of the gentlemen appointed were formally announced to the Vice-Chancellor. The Proctors elect are, the Rev. Joseph Dornford, M.A. Fellow of Oriel College, and the Rev. Thomas Townson Churton, M.A. Fellow of Brasenose College.

Thursday the following degrees were conferred: *Masters of Arts*.—John Barney, of Christ Church, Grand Compounder, the Rev. William Tomkins, of Jesus College, the Rev. John Henry Turbutt, Scholar of Worcester College, the Rev. Henry Berry King, of Exeter College, and John Hurton, of Magdalen Hall, incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin.

Bachelors of Arts.—John Williamson, of New College, and George Madan, student of Christ Church. In the same congregation, the Rev. William Hayward Cox, M.A. Michel Fellow of Queen's College, and the Rev. John Williams, M.A. of Christ Church, were nominated Public Examiners in *Literis Humanioribus*.

CAMBRIDGE, Mar. 12.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred: *Master of Arts*.—Joseph Place, St. John's College. *Bachelors of Arts*.—Henry H. Luscombe, Clare Hall, and William Cook Charnier, Christ College.

Indian Annual.—Our talented friend, Mr. D. L. Richardson, has undertaken the editorship of a Literary Keepsake in Calcutta: it is announced under the patronage of Lady Bentinck, entitled the *BENGAL ANNUAL*. It was to appear in December, embellished with engravings, and elegantly printed.

Weekly Meteorological Journal.

Days of Week	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 4	38 34	30.10	E.	Clear.
Fr. 5	37 37	29.87	S.E.	Drizzle.
Sat. 6	41 37	Stat.	S.E. to S.W.	Drizzle.
Sun. 7	35 32	Stat.	E. to S.W.	Cloudy.
Mon. 8	35 42	Stat.	S.W.	Clear.
Tues. 9	42 45	29.45	N.E. to N.W.	Rain, P.M.
Wed. 10	45 43	29.36	Ditto.	Moist, A.M.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M., and 3 P.M.

Clouds.—Cirrus and Cirrostratus on Thursday. Cirrostratus on Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Cirrus and Cirrostratus on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Nights and Mornings frosty during the former half of the week.

Mean temperature, 40°. Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.73. Highest temp. at noon, 50°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Saturn in conj. on Sat. at 23 h. P.M. The Moon invisibly eclipsed on Tuesday. Jupiter's geocentric long. on Wed. 13° 12' in Capricorn. Sun's ditto ditto 19° 27' in Places. Length of day on Wed. 11h. 26m; increased 3h. 42m. Sun's horary motion 2° 29'. Logarithmic number of distance 9.99723.

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THE ENCYCLOPEDIA METROPOLITANA, Part XXVIII, is published this day, and includes, in the Scientific Department, the Completion of the Treatise on Sound; the whole of an important and entirely original article on the Figure of the Earth; a further portion of Chemistry; and of Integral Calculus.—In the Historical and Biographical Department—part of Chapter XLIV. from the Death of Constantine to that of Julianus; and in the Miscellaneous and Lexicographical Division, from *Invective* to *Lahore*.

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